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JOHN MILTON.¹

John Milton was born in London on December 9, 1608. He was the third child and namesake of a prosperous scrivener (lawyer and law stationer) whose puritanical leanings did not prevent him from conforming to the established church, from cultivating with some success the art of music, and from giving his children a liberal education and a pleasant, happy home. From this father Milton must have inherited much of his genius—a genius fostered by the wisdom and liberality of the parent to an extent that can scarcely be paralleled in our literary annals, save in the cases of Robert Browning and John Stuart Mill. To his mother, too, he owed not a little, as every good man does as well as to his early tutors, with whom he seems to have been on especially affectionate terms. The noted musicians who frequented his father's house must also have had an influence on him, and later, his friendship with Charles Diodati; but the direct influence of his fellows seems to have counted for less with Milton than with any other great world-poet. The indirect influence of men through their books counted, however, for more with him than can be estimated in words. From his earliest youth he was an omnivorous

¹ This little sketch of Milton was prepared as an introduction to a volume of his select minor poems which I edited last year for Longmans' *English Classics*. The critical matter in the shape of notes proving more voluminous than was expected, the introduction had to be omitted. It is printed here for the use of such teachers and students as may wish to have it in connection with the above mentioned edition, and for such general readers as may share the enthusiasm which I have always felt for Milton, and which I trust has communicated itself to everything I have written about him.

—W. P. T.

reader and student, and to this day he stands as our most learned poet and cultured artist, Ben Jonson not excepted.

About 1620 Milton entered St. Paul's School as a day scholar and remained there until 1625, when he commenced residence, during the Easter term, at Christ's College, Cambridge. Although he continued his university studies for seven years, taking his B.A. in 1629 and his M.A. in 1632, he plainly did not enter into the spirit of the place; and he heads the list of great English men of letters who have been more or less out of sympathy with their *alma mater* — a list that includes such names as Dryden, Gibbon, and Shelley. But he was laying the broad foundations of his character and his culture. The personal purity preserved through all temptation and ridicule (his fellow students dubbed him *lady* as much on this account, we cannot doubt, as on account of his conspicuous beauty of face and figure) enabled him to expound as no other poet has ever done

“— the sage
And serious doctrine of Virginity;”

the self-absorption in the pursuit of high ideals, the proud aloofness from common things and common men that characterized him, may have lessened his human sympathies, but assuredly made possible that supremely ideal love of religion and his native land that prompted and accomplished the noblest deed of patriotic self-sacrifice that has yet been recorded to the credit of our race; and finally it is almost impossible to believe that he would ever have become master of so profound and exact an erudition and so serene and balanced a culture had he not profited by that systematic training and discipline of the faculties which is alone imparted in full measure by a historic university. In view of these facts, we may well conclude that Cambridge meant more to Milton than he was himself aware of, and we can afford to leave to his biographers the question whether he was actually “whipt” by his unsympathetic tutor, one William Chappell. But we should remember that during his university course he found time to write much of

his Latin verse, as well as such great English poems as the ode "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity", the epitaph "On Shakspeare", and the sonnet "On his being arrived at the age of twenty-three." This was no slight actual accomplishment in verse, but more important was the formation of the resolution to which he consistently adhered—to order his life.

"As ever in *his* great Task-Master's eye."

When he left Cambridge the young student betook himself to his father's residence at Horton in Buckinghamshire. Although he had criticised the administration of the university, he was pressed to take a fellowship, but that would have meant practically taking orders and, while such had once been his intention, he felt that he could not conscientiously pursue the latter course. Theological difficulties do not seem to have beset him, for he subscribed the Articles and his Arian proclivities were a matter of later years. It was at the organization of the church then controlled by Laud, who was fostering to the best of his abilities the high church reaction that the Puritan idealist looked askance. If Milton had continued at Cambridge he would have been the centre of many an academic dispute; it is impossible to say what would have happened if he had entered the church in any active way and been brought into personal contact with Laud. The genius of Boswell would have failed to do justice to that encounter; it would have needed a Shakspeare.

If Milton read his own character as we now do and restrained his ardent nature that he might allow his powers to ripen through solitude and study, he more than deserves the epithets he bestowed upon his favorite Spenser—"sage and serious." If he did not fully understand himself but simply felt conscious of high powers and a mission to fulfil, he deserves all the praise that so amply belongs to those "who only stand and wait." But much praise is also due to the father who, now that his business career was over and his chief interest was necessarily centred in his children's success, was content to do his share of waiting till the genius

of his son should in the fullness of time be manifest to the world. That genius was slowly developing through study, contemplation, intercourse with nature, and occasional wooing of the muse. He mastered the classics and the chief writers of more recent times until he may fairly be said to have lived with them. He contemplated life with all its possibilities and became more firmly fixed in his determination to devote himself to the service of humanity, to lead a life that should be a true poem, and to leave behind him some child of his imagination that posterity would not willingly let die. He watched also with poignant anguish the headlong course of Charles and Laud toward destruction and saw that they would involve in ruin, not merely themselves but the nation for which he already felt the burning passion of the man who not loving easily still loves well. But he also contemplated the serene beauty of the peaceful landscape around him and the spirit of nature took hold upon him—not as it had done on Shakspeare and was to do on Wordsworth—but in a true, noble, and elevating way. Finally he wrote verse to relieve his pent up feelings or to oblige friends, but never without keeping his eyes fixed upon the masters of his craft, and registering a solemn vow not to allow himself to be tempted by easy praise to abandon the arduous upward path on which his feet were set. It is to the five years (1632–1637) spent at Horton that we are said to owe *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, *Arcades*, *Comus*, and *Lycidas*—a fact that should make the little Buckinghamshire village second only to Stratford in interest to all lovers of English poetry.

In the spring of 1638 Milton undertook to put the finishing touch upon his education by setting out for Italy. The spell that she exercises on every liberal soul, had already been felt by him through the medium of her great poets, but it was not to be permanently sealed upon his spirit as it has been since upon Byron, Shelley, Landor, and Browning. He was fitter than these to penetrate into Italy's secret and it is interesting to speculate what a longer resi-

dence there would have meant for him ; but that was not to be. Yet we may be sure that no nobler stranger has ever since apostolic times set foot upon that sacred soil so often trod by alien feet — not Chaucer or Goethe, not Luther or Bayard. Shakspeare never saw the land that his genius so often adorned and Dante was its native — and it is with Shakspeare and Dante alone that we can safely compare Milton. The details of his journey are scant but even the few facts we know must be here rapidly passed over. He gave and received compliments, was hospitably entertained, discussed philosophy sagely and religion imprudently, proved that although he was an angel not an Angle, the Angles were not entirely barbarous, heard Leonora Baroni sing — and met Galileo. “The meeting between the two great blind men of their century,” writes Dr. Garnett, “is one of the most picturesque in history ; it would have been more pathetic still if Galileo could have known that his name would be written in ‘Paradise Lost,’ or Milton could have foreseen that within thirteen years he too would see only with the inner eye, but that the calamity which disabled the astronomer would restore inspiration to the poet.”

The young traveller had been some time in Naples when news from England warned him of the fact that the political and ecclesiastical crisis had come, and that it was his duty as a true patriot to turn his face homeward. He accordingly relinquished his design of proceeding to Sicily and Greece, and after another visit to Florence, which fascinated him, and a short stay at Geneva where he probably learned of the death of his friend Diodati, he once more set foot on English soil toward the end of July, 1639. Here his first duty was an act of piety — he wrote his greatest and practically his last Latin poem — the *Epitaphium Damonis* in honor of Diodati — a tribute the exquisite sincerity and beauty of which its foreign medium of expression could not impair but unfortunately obscures to those of his countrymen whose classical education has been neglected. Then he set himself to a less congenial but in every way honorable task, he be-

gan to teach his two nephews, Edward and John Phillips. Milton as a schoolmaster may suggest to some the veriest profanation of genius, to others that irony of fate at which we smile or jest; but no one who has read the tractate entitled "Of Education," or rightly gauged Milton's character, or comprehended the true dignity of the teacher's office will ever regret the quiet months spent by the poet-pedagogue in the house in Aldersgate street where he could smile grimly at the failure of the attempts to subdue Scotland and wait for the Long Parliament to throw open the door concealing "that two-handed engine."

For a short space after his return Milton seems to have formulated no plan of action that concerned the outer world, but he did contemplate a great poem that should be his life-work, although he could not definitely settle upon a theme. "King Arthur" was abandoned for a lesser though great poet. "Paradise Lost" was begun as a drama and fortunately laid aside for epic treatment. The times began to call for something besides poetry and Milton felt that he had something else in him to give. For twenty years he wrote no verse save a comparatively small number of sonnets—great it is true—and his silence during a period when most poets do their best work has been regretted by many an admirer and by more than one able critic. This regret is natural but probably unreasonable as we shall soon see.

The humbling of Charles, the arrest and imprisonment of Laud, and the execution of Strafford, had shown the religious and political reformers their power, and had brought into prominence not merely men of action but also a crowd of zealous and advanced theorists and of visionary schemers for the ordering of church and state. It is always so with revolutions. The French had their Abbé Siéyès and we Americans had scores of theorists from Jefferson down. But no such ideal reformer as Milton has ever since lifted his voice above the din of party and faction—and if we convict him of partisanship, we must nevertheless figure him to ourselves as a seraphic partisan. His first utterances

were naturally on the subject of episcopacy. As Dr. Gar-
nett has pointed out, it is difficult for us now not merely to
see any great force in Milton's arguments, but to compre-
hend at all the point of view maintained by him in the five
tractates of 1841-42. It was not a question of expediency
that he was considering; it was a question whether God or
the devil should rule in England, if not in the world. The
sublime confidence with which he promulgated his ideas of
church polity moves our wonder; the impassioned lan-
guage in which he clothed those ideas moves not only our
admiration but a sense of our infinite inferiority. Such
swelling periods of prophecy and denunciation, of high pur-
pose and holy hope have been possible to one man alone —
to the future author of "*Paradise Lost*." Whether or not
we love Laud less and Milton more, whether or not we seek
or shun the arena of religious controversy, we cannot but
conclude that the crisis which called forth the following dith-
yrambic utterance was not lacking in momentous results to
England's literature or to the character and work of her
noblest son:

"Then amidst the hymns and hallelujahs of saints, some one may per-
haps be heard offering at high strains in new and lofty measures, to sing and
and celebrate Thy Divine mercies and marvellous judgments in this land
throughout all ages; whereby this great and warlike nation, instructed and
inured to the fervent and continual practice of truth and righteousness, and
casting far from her the rags of her old vices, may press on hard to that
high and happy emulation to be found the soberest, wisest, and most
Christian people at that day when Thou, the Eternal and shortly-expected
King, shalt open the clouds to judge the several kingdoms of the world, and
distributing national honors and rewards to religious and just common-
wealths, shalt put an end to all earthly tyrannies, proclaiming Thy universal
and mild monarchy through heaven and earth; where they undoubtedly, that
by their labors, counsels, and prayers, have been earnest for the common
good of religion and their country, shall receive above the inferior orders
of the blessed, the regal addition of principalities, legions, and thrones into
their glorious titles, and in supereminence of beatific vision, progressing
the dateless and irrevoluble circle of eternity, shall clasp inseparable hands
with joy and bliss, in over-measure forever."

The out-break of war in the autumn of 1642 forced upon
Milton the question whether he should take up arms in de-
fense of the principles he advocated. We do not know his

exact course of reasoning, but we can infer it. He could serve his country and his God better with his pen than with his sword, so instead of fighting, he wrote his sonnet "When the Assault was Intended to the City"—that superb plea for the inviolability of the "Muse's bower." To blame Milton for not becoming a soldier is like blaming Washington for not writing an epic on the Revolutionary War after he had sheathed his sword. The man whose imagination was already revolving the war in heaven was not wanted on the fields of Naseby and Dunbar; the prophet of the glories of a renovated and redeemed England had faith enough to believe that God would, in due season, show forth the man who should render those glories possible. He could not foresee that the representatives of the people for whom he sang and Cromwell fought would one day refuse the meed of a statue to their greatest ruler and soldier; but could he rise from the dead he would set the seal of his approval upon the fiery protest against a nation's ingratitude recently wrung from a poet into whom he has breathed not a little of his own impassioned eloquence and love of liberty:

"The enthroned Republic from her kinglier throne
Spake, and her speech was Cromwell's. Earth has known
No lordlier presence. How should Cromwell stand
By kinglets and by queenlings hewn in stone?"¹

But while Oxford was protesting her loyalty and Cornwall was rising in arms and the king's cause seemed by no means hopeless, Milton for the first time in his life apparently,² was falling in love. Exactly how this came about is not known. He seems to have gone to Oxfordshire in the spring of 1643 to collect a debt from a Cavalier squire, Richard Powell by name, and to have returned to London in a month with this gentleman's daughter, Mary, as his bride. A party of her relatives soon after visited the pair and the young wife appears to have enjoyed their dancing more than she did her husband's philosophizing, for she

¹ Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne in *The Nineteenth Century* for July, 1895.

² Unless he was involved in a shadowy love affair in Italy.

shortly left him under promise of return and took up her abode with her father, from whose protection she could not be induced to withdraw for about two years. Whether Milton began his pamphleteering on divorce before or after his wife's desertion is a moot point; indeed this whole matrimonial affair is the most mysterious, perhaps, on record save that of a very different character—Sam Houston of San Jacinto fame. But Milton wrote four learned treatises on divorce while Houston consoled himself with a Cherokee squaw. The divorce literature was too strong diet even for his co-religionists and had to be published without license—a fact to which we owe the greatest and best known of his prose writings—the noble “*Areopagitica*; a Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing, to the Parliament of England.”

We cannot discuss here Milton's view of what an ideal marriage ought to be, or his notions about divorce which he threatened to put into practice, and can say only a word about his relations to his wives and to women in general. On the last of these points he has been much criticised, not always with entire justice. We know that his first wife returned to him of her own accord, a fact which is decidedly in his favor. We have his sonnet to his second wife, Katherine Woodcock, by which any woman might be proud to think she would be remembered; and with his third wife, Elizabeth Minshull, he seems to have lived as congenially as could be expected when all the circumstances are taken into account. His daughters by his first wife have won a sympathy which they hardly deserve. Reading aloud in a language one doesn't understand is not an enjoyable task; but what are we to say of the characters and dispositions of women who could lack reverence for such a father? Admiration and sympathy are two of the noblest attributes of womanhood, and who has ever been fitter to elicit them than Milton in his blindness? Perhaps the best excuse for these daughters is that they were trained by their mother. We may dismiss this unpleasant topic with the remark that

it is well to note that in the scanty tale of Milton's English sonnets there are four addressed to women, in which there is not a line to make us believe that he had a low estimate of the sex, and much to convince us that he was capable of extending to them that intelligent admiration which the mass of mankind are only just beginning to recognize as their due.

In 1645 or rather in the early part of 1646 at the solicitation of Humphrey Moseley the publisher, Milton brought out the first edition of his poems, English and Latin. He prefixed a quotation from Virgil which showed that he regarded the publication as premature. It was an unpropitious time for the Muses, but it was not many years before he was plagiarized from in a shocking manner by Robert Barron, and if imitation is the sincerest flattery, he ought to have been pleased, but probably was not. Meantime his school seems to have prospered and he worked away at his studies, gathering materials for his "History of England," and perhaps writing his treatise "De Doctrina Christiana" which did not see the light until 1825. In 1647 his father died and the consequent improvement in his circumstances led him to give up all his pupils save his nephews. So he lived on and looked out at the swift succession of events that seemed about to change entirely the course of English history. He was still conscious of great powers and still yearning for an opportunity to do something for his people, but he preferred a scholarly seclusion, as he tells us, to a station "at the doors of the court with a petitioner's face."

With the king's death, however, a change took place in Milton's affairs. Charles was beheaded on January 30, 1649; in exactly two weeks Milton had published his pamphlet "The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates" in which he maintained the right of "any who have the Power, to call to account a Tyrant, or wicked King, and after due Conviction, to depose, and put him to Death, if the ordinary Magistrate have neglected, or denied to do it." This was a bold

and certainly expeditious defense of the actions of his party; how bold may be somewhat realized when we remember how the news of the execution of Louis XVI. nearly a century and a half later resounded through Europe. Even the philosophic mind of Burke was unhinged by the latter catastrophe; the prior and more astounding event simply woke Milton up. Merely as a private citizen with convictions of his own he dared to defend a deed which had filled a whole people with horror and consternation; to the seductions of sympathy stimulated by the timely appearance of the "Eikon Basilike" he opposed the warning voice of reason and the high clear strains of duty. The popular leaders could overlook him no longer and he was offered the post of Latin Secretary to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. The salary was ample and the position such as even a Milton could accept, for he was not merely to carry on diplomatic correspondence in the language of scholars but, we cannot doubt, to be the recognized spokesman of his party. As Dr. Garnett happily expresses it, he was to be the "Orpheus among the Argonauts of the Commonwealth."

His first work that we need notice is his "Eikonoklastes" a reply to the "Eikon Basilike" of Bishop Gauden, then believed by many to be the work of the "Royal Martyr" himself. Milton seems to have shirked the task knowing that to accomplish it effectively would necessitate depreciation of the dead king and much chaffering over straws. In spite of this known reluctance on his part and of the obvious fact that much of his matter and manner was determined by circumstances that he could not control, critics have not ceased to search his book minutely for data on which to rest charges against his personal integrity, his consistency, even his taste in literature. But he was soon to undertake a greater task. The learned Frenchman, Salmasius, had been employed to unmask the batteries of his ponderous erudition, so valued at the time, in defense of Charles I. His "Defensio Regia" appeared in the latter part of 1649, and Milton was directed by the Council to answer it. He did at the cost of his sight.

For some years his eyes had been failing and one was already gone. He was advised that any further strain would speedily induce total blindness, yet he never wavered in the performance of his duty. He calmly faced the loss of a sense that every true scholar must value more than life itself; he put from him all anticipation of the noble pleasure he had looked forward to deriving from the first sight of his great poem in print; he may even have despaired of ever composing that poem at all; he looked forward to the miseries of a cheerless old age, and without repining accepted a commission that could not under any circumstances have been specially grateful to him — all because he deemed it right that his country and party should make a proper reply to the charges that had been laid against them in the forum of European opinion. If a sublimer act of patriotic self-sacrifice has ever been performed it has surely never been recorded. And yet critics have been found who could calmly dissect the "*Pro Populo Anglicano Defensio contra Salmasium*" and argue from it that its author had not merely a bad cause, but a bad temper and a worse taste. There have been critics who have imagined that it is proper to judge a seventeenth century controversialist by standards more talked about than acted upon in the nineteenth. There have even been friends of Milton who forgetting that the man is and ought to be greater than the poet, have wished that he had never performed this act of self-sacrifice that makes him the true Milton of song and history.

And now by the Spring of 1652 the Milton who had won the plaudits of cultivated Italians for his beauty and his grace, the Milton who had looked on Nature's face and found her fair, the Milton who had at last been brought to mingle with the affairs of men at a critical juncture in his country's history, was totally blind. an object of pity, a man who was apparently without a future. It was due to the fact that he was Milton and no one else that he did not succumb but became the poet of "*Paradise Lost*." The mention of this great poem, however, reminds us that we may pass over his

"Second Defense of the People of England," his answer to Morus, and his ecclesiastical treatises all accomplished with the assistance of coadjutors, one of whom was Andrew Marvell, which brings us to the year of the Stuart Restoration (1660,) when of course his political occupation was gone. That occupation while it may not have given him the position he deserved in the councils of his party (it is not even certain that he and Cromwell were ever face to face) had given him a knowledge of men and affairs which was to be of immense service to him in the coming years of retirement when he was to be permitted to resume his higher and natural rôle of inspired poet. It seems as idle to argue that "Paradise Lost" would have been the poem it is without the often regretted poetic interregnum of 1640-1660 as it is to argue that Milton could have been as great a man without it. Those critics may indeed be right who maintain that Milton's nature was subdued to what it worked in "like the dyer's hand," that the Puritan controversialist sometimes got the better of the poet long after occasion for controversy had passed away, but this is only to claim that Milton had not the universality of genius, the absolute perfection of artistic balance that characterize Homer and Shakspeare alone—a claim no true critic will think of disputing for a moment.

It is difficult to say exactly how the defender of the regicides escaped with the mild punishment of having his writings against Charles I. burned by the hangman. Perhaps his blindness helped him, perhaps the entreaties of influential friends. The "Muse's bower" was spared (though removed more than once) to become the resort of a few congenial spirits and of an occasional admirer like Dryden, and in due time the poet of "Lycidas" culminated in the author of the greatest poem since the "Divine Comedy."

As we have seen Milton had long since resolved to use his powers in the production of a poem as noble as he must have felt those powers to be, and after examining and rejecting many subjects had finally determined on "Paradise Lost" as the most sublime and worthy theme. He

had even practically determined on the equally sublime metrical form in which his epic should be cast before he began really working upon the latter in 1658. The story of its composition under the difficulties imposed by his blindness, his lack of a permanent and trained amanuensis, and his curious susceptibility to the effects of the seasons upon his temperament, has been often told and just as often the apparent irony of the circumstances of its publication in 1667 has formed the subject of critical homilies. Mr. Symmons may have driven a hard bargain though there is room to doubt it, but he did better by Milton and his epic than a good many modern critics have done who are not supposed to hold chairs in the School of Cobbett. We are told now that people do not read "*Paradise Lost*" and that its subject is antiquated and a little absurd, especially since the theory of evolution has thrown grave doubts upon the lion's ever having pawed to extricate his hinder parts. If this be true of the public, and if our critics are to judge poets from the point of view of Cobbett's so-called common sense or of Huxley's epoch-making science, it may well be doubted whether printer Symmons was not more a child of the Muses than one is likely to-day to jostle on the streets of one of our great cities. But Symmons' niggardly pounds have either been quite worn out or have forgotten that they ever took part in a shabby transaction, and a similar fate awaits the Cobbett critics and the public that pays attention to them. "*Paradise Lost*" has set a seal upon Milton's glory that can be effaced or unloosed by angelic power alone — by the might of the angel who shall in the fullness of time blow the last trump.

The Quaker Ellwood's query as to what Milton had to say of "*Paradise Regained*" after so much told of "*Paradise Lost*," may or may not have had much to do with the composition of that pendant poem, and Milton's partiality for it may have been exaggerated, but surely those persons, and they are many, who refrain from reading it now that its author's fame has made precious everything he touched,

stand greatly in their own light. Neither it nor "*Samson Agonistes*," published with it in one volume in 1671, can claim the preëminence in our poetry that belongs of right to "*Paradise Lost*," "*Comus*," and "*Lycidas*," but none the less both poems are worthy of Milton, and therefore of our admiration and love. They may give evidence of the declining power of the genius that gave them birth (although as we are somewhat in the dark as to the exact time of their composition, this is not certain) or they may represent that genius moving in regions less elevated and pure, but they are worthy to shine through their own lustre and to live through their own vitality. Their comparative unpopularity is proof of nothing save of the proverbial isolation of the noble, but their existence is proof of the fact that in a blind old age, Milton would be content with nothing less than a strenuous and lofty use of his divinely bestowed powers. He could not, like his Nazarene hero, pull down the pillars of an ungodly state upon the heads of its citizens, although he would not have shirked the self-destruction involved, but he could still sing in exultant tones of the triumphs of virtue and of the justice and majesty and mercy of God.

That mercy was shown him in his last years in fuller measure than he perhaps himself expected or than his political or ecclesiastical foes would have admitted to be his due. From the moment that his safety after the Restoration was assured until his death on November 8, 1674, he lived a comparatively calm and peaceful life. The great Fire and Plague disturbed him, as was natural, but not seriously, his darkness was ever with him, but was shot through with visions of glory denied to all men save his three compeers Homer, Shakespere, and Dante; his home though now comfortable was hardly congenial, but he had a few choice friends and a memory stored with the best that the world of literature had to give. Thus he lived and thus he died, and although his "soul was like a star and dwelt apart," we feel glad that it had its earthly setting in a pure and cloudless sky. Yet before we take our leave of him in this imperfect

sketch, let us remember that there are two facts that make a knowledge of his life and work essential to all persons that would fain have the slightest claim to be considered cultured men.

The first is that Milton has unquestionably influenced his country's literature more than any other English man of letters, unless it be Shakspeare. Although he did not live to reap the reward of the fame that "*Paradise Lost*" began to attract, even before the close of the seventeenth century, he must have felt sure that he had built himself an enduring monument. His conviction was true. Certainly from the appearance of Addison's criticism of the great epic to the present day no English poet of any note has failed at one time or another to pass under his spell. Even Pope borrowed from him, and Thomson, Dyer, Collins and Gray were his open disciples. What Cowper and Wordsworth would have been without him, it is hard to imagine. The youthful Keats imitated him and Shelley sang that "his clear sprite yet reigns o'er earth, the third among the sons of light." As for Landor, Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, and Swinburne their direct or indirect debt to him is plain to every student. With regard to his prose the case has been somewhat different. It is the old story of the bow of Ulysses, but it cannot be doubted that if on the formal side our modern writers look back to Cowley and Dryden, there has never been a writer of sonorous and eloquent prose who did not owe more than he was perhaps aware of to the author of "*Areopagitica*."

The second fact is equally patent but less often insisted upon. It is that in the triumphal progress of the Anglo-Saxon race, whether in the mother island, in America, or in Australia, whatever has been won for the cause of civic or religious or mental liberty, has been won along lines that Milton would have approved in the main had he been living, has been won by men more or less inspired by him, and will be kept only by men who are capable of appreciating rightly the height and breadth and depth of his splendid and ineffable personality.

W. P. TRENT.

HENRY CUYLER BUNNER.

No more grateful task can fall to the critic than the effort to do justice, and to help his readers to do justice, to a spirit with whom he feels himself kindred, in whom he sees the accomplishment of many of his own aims and the realization of many of his literary ideals. I had not the good fortune to know Mr. Bunner in the flesh, but I feel that I know him in the spirit, sure that I should have admired and been drawn to him. I feel his winning personality shedding its warmth through all his work, thrilling everywhere with that touch of nature that makes the whole world kin, and thus he is more real to me than many an author of whom I have read as much and as diligently.

From the notices written by Mr. Bunner's friends at the time of his death I gather that he was born at Oswego, New York, August 3, 1855, and, after a life spent almost wholly in New York, died at Nutley, New Jersey, May 11, 1896, at the age of forty, in the full flower of his talent and of his manhood. After a brief experience of business he cast his lot with the muses in 1873, and became one of the staff of the *Arcadian*, a struggling periodical that died of inanition in 1877. Then a happy chance placed him in charge of the English edition of *Puck*, which had been started as a German periodical the year before. In this capacity he continued till his death, acting at first, at times, as reporter for several New York journals, and always contributing much both to his own and to other periodicals, so that far the greater part of his volumes are republications.

To these volumes¹ I shall confine my attention here, for

¹ These volumes so far as known to me, are: Poetry: "Airs from Arcady," 1884; "Rowen," 1892; "The Poems of H. C. Bunner," (chiefly reprinted) 1896. Novels: "A Woman of Honor," 1883; "The Midge," 1886; "The Story of a New York House," 1887; "The Runaway Browns," 1892. Collected sketches and stories: "Short Sixes," 1890; "Zadoc Pine," 1891; "Made in France," 1893; "More Short Sixes," 1894; "Jersey Street and Jersey Lane," 1896; "Love in Old Cloathes," 1896. He wrote also in col-

most of this journalistic production was naturally ephemeral, and it would be an ill service to his memory to exhume it from the dusty tomb where it lies with its task done, inviting oblivion. For in the earlier years of his connection with *Puck* he wrote a considerable part of that paper, beside editing the rest, and the public that he was in some measure constrained to seek, demanded quantity rather than quality. They were content for the greater part of their weekly feast with a kind of wit that can be produced almost mechanically, and of which the value is therefore naturally regulated, like that of other commodities, by the laws of supply, demand, and cost of production.

But as Bunner's editorial success began to give him time and scope he was led first to somewhat unsuccessful dramatic attempts, and then, in 1883, he ventured on the fickle sea of fiction with "A Woman of Honor," based on his drama "Faith." But as he took little pride in this earliest child of his imagination, we may pass it by, noting only that, while it lacks only too obviously the restraint of maturity, it shows as obviously the potentiality of genius.

This story seems to have been written in 1881. Three years later appeared the first of the literary works on which Mr. Bunner's fame will rest. This was "Airs from Arcady," a collection of poems, and we may therefore fitly begin the study of his literary output by an examination of his work as a poet. These "Airs from Arcady" comprise forty-nine poems selected from a mass of ephemeral verses, which their maker, with sober self-criticism most rare in young poets, felt were unworthy to live, though in their day many of these rejected pieces had been more popular and perhaps more keenly enjoyed than any other of his early writings. He would admit among his "Airs from Arcady" no

laboration with Professor Brander Matthews, "Studies in Story-Telling," 1885, which I have not seen; nor have I been able to consult his contribution to "A Portfolio of Players," 1888; nor to examine his dramatic efforts of which "The Tower of Babel," 1892; written in collaboration with Mr. Julian Magnus, is said to be not without merit. Mr. Bunner was also a popular lecturer.

mere merry jingling of cap and bells, none of the professional outpourings of his Victor Hugo Dusenberry, and so this earlier volume bears witness rather to his grace than to his versatility or even to his wit. Of strength there is indeed very little, and that chiefly where his lyre was set vibrating by breaths from other spirits. For he was here at the first, as he remained till almost the very last, a wonderful *profiteur*, able to take up into himself and to make wholly his own the spirit, the temper, the mode and the touch of artists far greater than he. Bunner's own pan-pipe was a pleasing but modest instrument. These verses flow naturally. If they neither disturb, delight, raise, nor even refine, yet they give us a vague sense of restful charm. And though this may occasionally be dissipated for a moment by metrical inequalities, that in this kind of verse are less pardonable than where the metre has the burden of great thoughts, yet far more often it is lit up by flashes of humor that give a delightfully piquant sauce to sentiment. Hear him for instance, as he writes to his lady-love, off from New York for the summer, how :

I haunt Pursell's, to his amaze,
 Not that I care to eat there,
 But for the dear clandestine days
 When we two had to meet there.
 Oh! blessed is that baker's bake,
 Past cavil and past question.
 I ate a bun for your sweet sake,
 And memory helped digestion.

Here if the first seven lines are the hand of Dobson the eighth is surely the voice of Heine, and in Mr. Bunner's franker imitations we get the best that the "Airs from Arcady" have to give, unless indeed this be perhaps that sweet lyric cry "To Her," with which the volume closes. I do not think Mr. Swinburne would or need be ashamed of the variation on "Home, Sweet Home" that is here attributed to him, for in reading it the critic is surprised to catch precisely that charm which he had supposed to be Mr. Swinburne's unique gift. Though, here too, *Puck* peeps

out from behind the mask with a delightful quizzical¹
double-entendre at the close :

For the heart give the hope that it knows not,
Give the balm for the burn of the breast,
For the soul and the mind that repose not,
O : give us a rest !

Almost equally happy is the variation ascribed to Austin Dobson on the same theme and parts of the alleged "poem" attributed to Walt Witman are instinct with that author's uniquely vivid ruggedness.

Stylistically "Rowen," Mr. Bunner's second volume of verses, is superior to the former. It shows a decidedly firmer and surer touch, and occasionally the poet strikes deeper chords. We feel here more of that pathos that gives an added charm to the wit of his best prose tales. "The Little Shop," for instance, recalls Coppée at his best. But on the other hand it is clear that in the eight years that had intervened since the "Airs from Arcady" the poet has become far less bohemian in his sympathies. His public interests are wider, his domestic feeling stronger. Yet even here I think the best is that in which he throws himself frankly into the spirit of another, and the piece that I find most worthy of citation is itself called "Imitation :"

My love she leans from the window,
Afar in a rosy land,
And red as a rose are her blushes,
And white as a rose is her hand.
I dwell in a land of winters
From my love a world apart.
But the snow blooms over with roses
At the thought of her in my heart.

* * * * *

This German style of poem
Is uncommonly popular now.
For the worst of us poets can do it,
Since Heine has showed us how.

Since Mr. Bunner's death the "Airs from Arcady" and "Rowen" have been reprinted in a single volume with eight "Ballads of the Town" and four "Later Lyrics."

The "Ballads" are as graceful as any of the earlier verses, but they mark progress in their firmer mastery of technique, their gentler pathos and their more subdued humor. Among the so-called "Lyrics," the "Song for Labor Day" is a noble call to work, instinct with the sane and sober energy that pulsed through Mr. Bunner's political editorials and found its highest prose expression in "Zadoc Pine." On the other hand, the lines written for the "Reunion of the Army of the Potomac," less than a year before his death, seem to me somewhat heavily conventional and strained in sentiment. But perhaps this was a case where realistic observation was calculated to check rather than stimulate the genial current of the poet's soul. Again in "The Red Box at Vesey-Street" he caught Coppée's genial vein, and finally, the blank verses on the death of Henry V. have a rugged strength which suggests, though it does not fully display, a hitherto unguessed tragic power.

But if we can claim no very exalted place for Mr. Bunner's poetry, at least it was always manly, pure, and sweet; wholesome and kindly even in its satire; and the same may be said of his prose novels and tales, whose excellence is far higher in their kind. We have here to deal with three novels and with six volumes of collected stories and sketches, and as it is by the latter that Mr. Bunner will probably be best and longest remembered they may be best reserved for the close.

Two years after the "Airs from Arcady" appeared "The Midge" (1886), a work for which I confess a peculiar predilection. There is no book of our author in which the psychology appears to me more keen, the wit more kindly, or the pathos more true to nature. The story seems to have been written under the inspiration of betrothal and marriage (1886), which doubtless influenced the writer's ethical and æsthetic attitude, and, as in all marriage of true minds, influenced it for good, yes, almost always, for the best. "The Midge" is a story of New York and of that "coast of Bohemia" which Bunner knew as few of our

good writers have done. In it, but not of it, he understood where he could not sympathize, and he sympathized where he did not imitate. The chief character in the story, the Doctor, with more philanthropy than social or professional ambition, settles in the French quarter of New York, and after some fourteen years of unobtrusive healing and celibate segregation, suddenly finds himself half against his will, the guardian of an orphan waif of foreign and eminently bohemian parentage. Some of the scenes in the early part of the book are admirable bits of genre painting, and the minor characters, especially the Goubauds and the priest Dubé, are very clearly individualized. But it is the evolution of the relation of the doctor to his ward that gives the book its beauty and its peculiar charm. At first busy scandal makes him dread her presence, then he begins to tolerate, to like, and at length, too late, to love, until at last his love conquers all selfishness and he makes the great renunciation, himself winning for her the lover of her choice, whose youthful passion is to her more than his mature devotion. And then, the Midge herself! The gradual unfolding of this virgin lily sprung from such festering decay is treated with a grace that it is not too much to call beautiful. Occasionally, too, we come upon a vein of delightful satire, as in the easy-going doctor's choice of a religion for his charge.

Very similar in its key, though wholly different in its scene and subject, is "The Story of a New York House" with which one should associate for the artistic treatment "The Story of a Path in Jersey Street and Jersey Lane" and "A Second-Hand Story in Zadoc Pine." The general verdict of critics seems to rank "The Story of a New York House" as superior to "The Midge." In mastery of style and restrained strength of diction it does indeed mark, as we should expect, the maturer writer, but, on the other hand, I miss in it the freshness of the inspiration of 1886, and also the structural unity of the earlier work. For an inanimate object, a path, a psalm-book, or a house, is not a

sufficient bond to connect such widely differing phases of character as are presented to us here in the three generations of Dolphs who owned the once stately mansion in Greenwich Village, New York City. The story of this house is the story of a family, of the incipience and growth to mastery of the vertigo of speculation and the race for wealth that bring the Dolphs, as they have many prouder names, to poverty-stricken extinction; but that any novel of generations shall work effectively it must be constructed on a larger scale, it must move by its mass, while this little volume will be remembered rather for its single scenes or isolated episodes than as an ordered masterpiece. One has the impression of successive pictures thrown upon a screen, each clear and interesting but each leaving its own impression. And yet one makes this reserve unwillingly of a book that contains such masterly scenes as the clandestine funeral of the first Mrs. Dolph in the cholera panic of 1822 or old Mr. Dolph's last dinner party, or the meeting of father and son, anarchist and aristocrat, in the draft riots of 1862. The closing scene, too, is very effective in spite of its vulgar Southerner, whom we feel to be a grotesque though kindly caricature.

Very different from this story or from "The Midge" is Mr. Bunner's last novel "The Runaway Browns." Indeed this ought rather to be classed with the frankly humorous short stories, for though the idyllic and pathetic are not wanting they are masked behind a rollicking humor that gives to fancy its freest rein. We are here introduced to the young love of Paul and Adele, a young couple of Philadelphian origin, and therefore naturally enjoying a guileless innocence of the ways of the profane world. Yet even they grow somewhat weary of the monotonous ease of their eventless life in a suburb of social and commercial New York, and after nursing their ennui on the novels of adventure, or the venturesome novels, of the day, they determined to set out themselves in quest of happenings. In short our Philadelphians run away from home, and this

book is a tale of their adventures, at first with a band of actors whom they fell upon and who fell upon them, then as amateur peddlers, and, finally, in the still more unpleasant position of violators of the license laws, from which duration vile they were naturally not averse to return to the *otium cum dignitate* of their suburban cottage and the genial housekeeper they had left behind them, who will linger in many a reader's mind as a fond dream of what a housekeeper might be, and doubtless will be in the New Jerusalem, but seldom or never is in this vale of domestic woe. Clever "The Runaway Browns" certainly is in its correlation of naïve ideals and rude realities, but it has no enduring artistic qualities such as ought to insure the life of "The Midge" and of many of the short stories.

Such of these tales and sketches as Mr. Bunner or his executors have thought worthy of preservation are collected in six volumes, the first of which dates from 1890, and revealed its author as perhaps the best raconteur among our literary men. These "Short Sixes", stories to be told "while the candle burns", tales of piquant humor, deft character sketches with swift telling strokes, vivid painting of effective situations, and all in an environment which his readers knew or might know as well as he, the great city and its teeming life;—I do not know who has done all this for us as well well as Bunner, and the names are few of those who have done it better anywhere since Boccaccio's wonderful "Decamerone," which one is not surprised to learn had been in his young days one of Bunner's favorite studies in form, and he could not easily have found a better model, though he was quick to recognize the greatest successor of the Florentine, and was one of the first in America to study with critical admiration the literary cameos of that artist in brief fiction, Guy de Maupassant.

In "Short Sixes" there is more of the Frenchman than of the Italian, and Mr. Bunner's editorial associate, Mr. Paine, tells us¹ that he was so conscious of this indefinable

¹ *The Critic*, 1896, May, p. 363.

debt that he wished to acknowledge it loyally on the title page, and was with difficulty persuaded of his own spiritual parentage. It was here, as with his poetry. He was at his best when he took up into himself, as he had a marvellous capacity for doing, the manner and method of another. And in this his versatility was truly protean. We are told that when once a story by Stockton had been promised to the readers of a midsummer *Puck*, and by some untoward chance was not forthcoming, Mr. Bunner supplied the gap with something so nearly "equally as good" that the Rudder Granger might well wonder if he had not dictated it in his sleep, so perfectly did it catch a key that he might well have fancied his own unique possession. He repeated the *tour de force* for Kipling; and here in "Short Sixes" all English readers might bless Bunner that he had read his Maupassant to such good purpose. For exquisite as that French work is, it must always remain "cavaire to the general" as well as to that better half of our reading public the fear of whose righteous petticoats is ever before the eyes of the American who must live by his pen. He writes not as he would but as he must, for better or worse, possibly for both better and worse, for we purchase at least immunity from "Charlot s'amuse" and "Les Sœurs Vatarde" by denying ourselves the exquisite artistry of "Sapho" and "Aphrodite." Be that as it may, in these "Short Sixes" the well-spring of Maupassant's prose has been filtered through an American mind, and we may all drink our fill and fear no contagion save that of merriment.

"Short Sixes" is not unnaturally the most popular of Bunner's works. A cosmopolitan taste may prefer "Made in France," a refined culture may find a more dainty pleasure in "Love in Old Cloathes," but in these earlier stories there is more of the indigenous flavor, a little more of the grotesque exaggeration and the dry drollery that differentiates American humor so sharply from the continental that we are quite taken aback when we find these qualities, as we sometimes do, in their full flavor on the Parisian boule-

vards, as, for instance, in the work of Grosclaude or of Cran d'arche. But this very exaggeration, while it may make the judicious grieve, by no mean offends the ubiquitous general reader. He will hardly pause to note the trace of tartness in this early fruit that, to my fancy at least, does not attain its crisp ripeness till "Made in France" nor its full mellowed richness till the very last. But these are matters that in the space of this article I can neither elaborate nor prove. Let him who is curious in such things consider in this first volume "The Tenor" or "Zenobia's Infidelity," and then seek their parallels in later ones. He will not find them. But on the contrary he will find that the evolution is in the direction suggested by the bitter-sweet pathos of the "Nine Cent-Girls" or "The Love Letters of Smith," or in that foreshadowed in the keen satire of "A Sisterly Scheme" with its faint hint of a cynical spice, or perhaps by the most caustic hate of wheedling hypocrisy that characterized "The Two Churches of 'Quawket. These four stories each in its way may still claim rank among Bunner's best, but in later volumes the art grows ever more restrained and even. We may perhaps catch no finer strains but we shall note fewer and less obtrusive discords.

For the years from 1891 to 1893 are crucial in the evolution of Mr. Bunner's genius. They were years of tentative effort in varied direction, and of rapid artistic and psychologic evolution. He followed the success of "Short Sixes," with a curiously heterogeneous volume of which the first piece, "Zadoc Pine," is one of the finest literary expressions that I know of those elements in our national American character that made and still maintain our country free both from foreign mastery and domestic decay and dissolution. It is a tale full of the healthiest naturalistic inspiration and the most proudly confident Americanism. What then must be our surprise to find it followed by "Natural Selection," the moral of which is that the upper middle class should not attempt to mingle their blood with their

social betters. Both story and moral have been highly commended. Of the latter I will not speak, but surely the psychology is faulty and the denouement quite too improbable to be effective. But be this as it may, this tale is both in form and contents unhomologous with its predecessor and equally so with its successor "Casperl," which, so far as I know, is Mr. Bunner's first, and, I am pleased to add, his last attempt at the German household tale. But we have by no means yet exhausted this volume's strange variety. Its fourth piece is the story of the fortunes of a Psalm-Book, a link between the "New York House," of 1887, and the more artistic "Story of a Path," of 1894, and open therefore to the same artistic objections, though there is the truest pathos in its little sermon on the old text *Sunt lachrymæ rerum*. Then to these four tales in their four distinct keys, there is added a fifth tale and manner, "Mrs. Tom's Spree," where we move somewhat uncomfortably among the urban and rustic readers of *Town Topics*, through weary frivolity to a conclusion as near to the borders of mawkishness as it was given to Bunner's healthy common-sense to deviate. And then, finally, in "Squire Five-Fathom" we have a study of decayed aristocracy with a melodramatic close. Thus the whole book seems to be the work of a man who is testing his powers in new lines after his noteworthy success in the Gallic vein; unless indeed it be a cargo of earlier ventures committed to the maturer captaincy of "Zadoc Pine," and sailing in the broad wake of "Short Sixes."

In 1892 this experimenting was continued in "The Runaway Browns" after which Mr. Bunner seemed to grow convinced that smaller canvasses were more favorable to his genius, for he never again attempted sustained narrative nor the analysis of psychological evolution. The process of elimination had taught him his literary vocation. He could do one thing better than any living American. He could catch the humor, the pathos, the folly of modern urban and suburban life, and present it to us in sketches whose brevity implied no incompleteness.

For keen humor and kindly satire, some of these stories "Made in France" are as good as anything I know, and not infrequently they surpass their models. "Father Dominick's Convert," for instance, is Maupassant's "Confession de Théodule Sabot," but except for the very close, where Anglo-Saxon conventions of propriety and reverence imposed restraints on the artist, Bunner's treatment of Maupassant's theme seems the more artistic and the more truly humorous. Certainly it is more broadly human and it is much more elaborate. Maupassant's "Abbé Maritime" is *un prêtre quelconque* with no marked individuality. He concentrates all his light on Théodule. But our Father Dominick lives, a perfect type and yet in no way a mere symbol, but a real flesh and blood priest, just such a one as we know is ruling to-day with shrewd masterful goodness in many a Ste-Anne Guigneguiche in Quebec and in New England too. From his model Bunner took the idea of a shrewd, hard-hearted atheist, a danger to the parish, restored to the outward communion of the church by a Machiavellian appeal to his avarice. The Frenchman's sole purpose is to show the greed of this joiner gradually overmastering all his prejudices and instincts till he consents to edify the community by his confession and communion. Nearly every phrase of Maupassant has its counterpart in Bunner, but as I study them, side by side, I find in the American a fuller humor and a truer art. Here again Bunner is the ideal *profiteur*. Without Maupassant he might perhaps have been unable to give us this at all. With his aid he has given us a better piece of work than his master. The remainder of Maupassant's tale, the confession itself, is in his very best vain, and is, indeed, that for the sake of which all the rest was written. Here, as has been said, Bunner was handicapped by the reticence that English peoples demand and practise in the treatment of spiritual things, and in the greater reverence which they feel or assume toward all that concerns religion. Maupassant's irony here is as fierce and caustic as Swift's. The greedy joiner excuses his multitu-

dinous faults in words that reveal such absolute lack of all moral sense that the smooth casuistry of the priest is stretched to the utmost to preserve the letter of the ecclesiastical law while he strews the sinner's path with roses and builds a golden bridge for the prodigal's return. The cynicism is at times awful. We are fascinated, yet we shrink, and if here Bunner has fallen far behind his original in art, I am not sure this should not be put to the credit side of his account in the final judgment.

The further we pursue the parallel, the more convinced we become that Bunner has nothing to fear from it. "A Capture" is quite equal to "Les Prisonniers," and "Tony" to "Toine." And just as he has caught admirably the "local color" in "The Prize of Propriety," so in "The Pettibone 'Brolly" he has wholly transmuted France into America. Twice, only, his great master has betrayed him into an excess of heartlessness. "A Pint's a Pound" is unworthy of artistic treatment as it is of human nature, and "The Joke on M. Peptonneau," though with no distinct suggestion from Maupassant, has quite too much of his unsympathizing Norman callousness. Such a "joke" is not witty, and no art in its narration can save the reader from a moral revolt at its repulsiveness. There are other weak points in the collection. "Uncle Atticus" will not bear transplanting from the religious atmosphere of France, the denouement of "Dennis" is too trivial, and the whole of "The Minuet" too slight and artificial for their robust company. But taken as a whole this volume was Bunner's high-water mark as a story-teller until he filled even his greatest admirers with a surprised delight by "Love in Old Cloathes."

In "More 'Short Sixes'" Mr. Bunner gave a freer rein to his rollicking gayety. Delightful in this lower kind is "The Man with the Pink Pants" and "Samantha Boom-de-ay." "Mr. Wick's Aunt" and "My Dear Mrs. Billington" touch a higher plane of humor, but the volume is very unequal, and if it marks an advance in technique over the

first "Short Sixes," it shows less spontaneity of invention and some traces of hasty compilation, which perhaps he may have felt himself, for in 1895 he published no volume though he left at his death materials for two books that contain his most perfect prose. No preceeding volume shows such chastened humor as "Jersey Street and Jersey Lane," none shows such sympathetic delicacy of feeling. It contains no story, strictly speaking. The nearest approach to one, "The Lost Child," is hardly more than a sketch, startling in its vividness. In "A Letter to Town" we watch the gradual awakening of the love for rural life in one of the great army of commuters that flow and ebb in morning and evening tides to and from New York. But surely the best of this volume are three sketches of New York life as one may watch it from the windows of the *Puck* building on Jersey and Mulberry streets, or in and about the Bowery, or where suburban shabbiness is invading the old rural dignity of Inwood and Manhattanville "from Tieman's to Tubby Hook." All this Mr. Bunner knew, and for it all he had a sympathetic affection, which he expressed very prettily in the dainty quatrain prefixed to "Rowen:"

Why do I love New York, My Dear?
I know not. Were my father here,
And *his*, and *his*, the three and I
Might perhaps make you some reply.

But if "Jersey Street and Jersey Lane" marks a deepening nature and subtler psychological perception, "Love in Old Cloathes" is the culmination of Mr. Bunner's talent as a prose artist. I do not know when the stories in this this book were written, but I should be much surprised to find that any of them were anterior to 1893, though one or two might seem to owe their inception to the same inspiration that produced "The Midge;" but even here I should think the final touches must have been given after "Made in France." "Love in Old Cloathes," the initial story that gives its name to the rest, has all the fascination of a Pierrot

by Watteau or of a Dresden Shepherdess. It is so winsomely artificial in its old fashioned dress that the little haltings as we read seem only the pauses necessary to our complete enjoyment, like the slow sipping of an old and generous wine. I think, however, that it is an artistic error to tell a story of 1883 in the language of 1783. The humor that comes from saying, or rather printing, "ye bicycle" or "ye Spt of ye Tymes" is of a distinctly lower order than that which characterizes this tale, and it would mar it still more were it not wholly unessential to it and apart from its dainty charm.

Yet that this quintessence of artificiality was only the sport of a virile mind is made very clear by the six stories that follow in this remarkable collection, which indeed is as it were the rainbow of his genius, dividing it as by a prism into seven primary elements that gain each an added charm from the juxtaposition and the contrast. For while in "Love in Old Cloathes" we watched pouting Cupid nestling at last content on Venus' breast, in "A Letter and a Paragraph" we feel the unstilled longing for wife and child that spurs many a struggler in literary Bohemia with true sickness for home, until at last, as here in this tragic idyl, the tired heart fails and the baseless fabric of his vision leaves not a rack behind. Then in "The Red Silk Handkerchief" we exchange this tragic dreamland for a realistic study of the honest love of young manhood, successful in all save in his heart's desire. Or again we have the heart-sickness of hope-deferred etched out for us with an acid that bites almost too relentlessly in "Crazy Wife's Ship." But presently this purple tint of our rainbow is set off by brighter hues, the red, the blue and the gold of "French for a Fortnight," "Our Aromatic Uncle" and "As one Having Authority." The first is a bright and vigorous plea for a rational Sunday, a plea that has the strange art to stir our souls to passionate revolt even while it makes us smile; the second introduces us to the last in the line of Mr. Bunner's genial old men who somehow always carry with them a suggestion

of blue china and blue skies, but the last is true spirit gold breathing the peace of its broad catholicity over the strife of sect and kindling the wonted fires of apostleship beneath the ashes of old age.

So these two posthumous volumes seem to me to sum up the best and the noblest of Mr. Bunner's genius. They may lack the verve that made "Short Sixes" popular but they have for the man of letters a fascination and a charm that make us feel that Mr. Bunner was taken from us in the very fulness of his literary powers. Nowhere had he shown such firmness and such delicacy, such grace and such strong grasp of the underlying realities of human life. In earnestness and forcefulness he was growing to the last. His political editorials, begun as an almost perfunctory accompaniment to the cartoons of his humorous weekly, came with the years to be looked forward to as sure to voice a dignified patriotism, and to ring true to American manhood. Thus he was a power for good in our national life, to our writers of fiction his work was as the healthy tonic of the pine woods. Broad-minded and true-hearted those who knew him best bear witness that he was, and his works follow him to attest to us who were less fortunate their loss and ours.

BENJAMIN W. WELLS.

A DISCUSSION OF HISTORICAL CHRISTOLOGY.¹

This later work of Dr. DuBose will probably have even wider circulation than his "Soteriology of the New Testament," which appeared four years ago and even in that short time has made an evident impression upon the mind of the Church. The Doctor's style is certainly difficult: rather, indeed, he has none: the very artlessness of his composition is its charm. His themes of course are difficult, but his style is so to a disproportionate degree. The impression made upon the reader is of strenuous thought struggling with and through obstructive material; undoubtedly the composition of these works cost effort, and some corresponding effort is required on the reader's part to extract their meaning. The work under review is less open than the previous one to this criticism: the very subject, the very movement of thought, forced its expression to a better flow.

The title of this review precisely defines the scope of the work. In the preface we are told that its purpose is to trace the evolution of a process of thought,—the formation of the catholic doctrine of the person of Jesus Christ; therefore (p. 134) "we shall limit ourselves to such details as are actually necessary to indicate or illustrate the onward progress of the matter which we have in hand, the evolution of the doctrine, as distinguished from the truth or fact, of the person of Jesus Christ;" and again (p. 188) "our aim is not an historical exposition of successive theological or christological systems, but only the illustration through them of the principles which entered successively into the constitution and evolution of the true doctrine of the person of Christ." And this is the essential thing; this is what we and the Church and the world want or need. Who for example in this year of grace requires to be dragged through the dim and dusty

¹*The Ecumenical Councils:* by W. P. DuBose, S.T.D. The Christian Literature Co., New York.

labyrinth of the controversy over the time of keeping Easter? Yet that is the one point in which all the adverse criticisms agree that have fallen under this reviewer's eye, — that our author, to wit, has ventured to think for himself; that he has actually given us an *interpretation* instead of telling over again a tale twice, nay, twenty times told already. Unintelligent criticism surely! What the times demand is precisely such interpretation of facts often and well recounted, and heaped up oppressive mountains high by the industry of a long generation of investigators.

Dr. DuBose's ambition was not to add one more title to the list — already long enough — of text books of Church history for seminaries; he is explicit on this point at the outset: "The present volume does not profess to be properly a history. In so far as it is historical it is neither critical nor original. It deals with a well-known course of events . . . References to sources of information are superfluous in this well-worn period, and those who desire such can easily find them elsewhere." Some acquaintance with the outlines of Church history would of course contribute to the enjoyment of the book but is not necessary for its comprehension. Its weakest spot historically is its apology for the cruel and fickle Constantine; herein the Doctor justifies his statement above, for that apology is decidedly uncritical — quite sentimental, in fact. The emperor's awful guilt is extenuated on the ground of his "disappointment in Christianity;" the upshot of this special pleading is the extraordinary conclusion that he is above criticism — "judgment belongeth not unto us" — because we do not know what may have seemed to him to necessitate his actions! What villain of history might not escape sentence were such a fatalistic plea admitted? Further on (p. 138) our author writes with truth of Constantine's "shallow hopes" and "superficial acquaintance" with Christianity.

It is strange to hear the turbulent Council of Constantinople called "peaceful and tame" in comparison with the stat^{er} one of Nice, and altogether the view taken of that

Second General Council is inadequate: it did more than merely sweep away the debris of Nicene controversy, more than "simply to disestablish Arianism." The true analogy between the first two general councils is not remarked: as in the case of Arianism, the condemnation of Apollinarianism in A.D. 381 can scarcely be said to have scotched it, but simply ushered in a half-century of impassioned controversy that issued in a summons to another council. But enough of this: let us turn to a more congenial task, the setting forth of the thought of the book in its larger relations.

The strength of Apollinarianism consisted in its recoil from Arian emphasis on the creaturely toward insistence upon the divine side of our Lord's person, until at last that divinity "shone too brightly for all to be able to see and appreciate the completeness in its every detail of his humanity . . . Apollinaris was so concerned that our Lord should be God that he was not sufficiently willing he should be man." Hence ere long it became necessary for Theodore and the Council of Chalcedon to contend for his consubstantiality with man. Again, when deistic, Arian and Socinian views had prevailed for more than a century, Newman and his friends threw all their weight into the scale of the divinity until belief in that consubstantiality was endangered, and it required the catholic-minded Maurice to redress the balance. Finally, in America this familiar process of thought has been completed by the work before us: that reaction against the prevalent unitarianism of the middle of the century which we associate with the names of Mahan and De Koven has forced into luxuriant growth some notoriously Apollinarian germs: hence the imperative necessity of such a corrective as the work of Dr. DuBose. He charges the christology of the day with Monophysitism: "what that age—like our own—needed most to see in Christ, because it saw it least, was not the divine fact of God incarnate but the human fact of man redeemed . . . It remained for far-off future ages that have scarcely yet

arrived to take the Council of Chalcedon at its word and honestly construe the person of our Lord in the totality of his manhood as well as his Godhead . . . The two facts, of the very Godhead and the very manhood, of the completeness of the two natures in the unity of a single personality, were destined to lie side by side in the treasury of the Church's thought a long time before they should enter into a really organic and vital union. Indeed have they done so yet? . . . There is serious and long-standing confusion with regard to the union and relation of the divine and human natures and functions in the person of our Lord. Partial, defective views of his human activities, knowledge and power — a higher or psychical Docetism — characterize our current theology . . . [It is to be observed that this aspect of Christianity always appeals most powerfully to the heart of the popular faith. In proportion as it is less moral it has the appearance of being more religious. The more mystically we surrender our minds and wills and selves to the operations of the divine grace, and the less reflectively we strive to realize our own parts in the process of regaining our freedom and life in Christ Jesus, the more honor we feel ourselves to be doing to God who is our sole salvation.] . . . The constant disposition and effort to make our Lord more divine by making him less human tends only to reduce the incarnation to a semblance and an unreality . . . The actual Jesus was indeed the most human of men; and we get farther and farther away from him, as well as from any real and saving hold upon the divine realized in him, the farther we get in any direction from the reality of his humanity. . . . The Jesus of the synoptics is as simply, naturally, tragically human as the incarnate Word of St. John is divine."

It is true that a consequence of the Tractarian movement in minds of inferior order has been a morbid sensitiveness that winces at the slightest approach of criticism, that cries out as if struck on a sore spot whenever anywhere our Lord's consubstantiality with us is taken in earn-

est—is really held instead of being merely asserted. It is so easy, so fatally easy to say, “But Christ is God,” and be done henceforth with all Bible study, all theological and historical investigation, all thought whatsoever. Of such minds what our author says of Cyril of Alexandria is equally true: “of the possibility of a contribution of truth from the direction [of Antioch] such as was to be recognized and accepted in the Council of Chalcedon, he and his party seem to have caught no inkling.” The nemesis of this perverse attitude is a condition of unstable spiritual equilibrium, with grave moral and emotional disturbance. The ignorant mind is possessed with a conceit of its own infallibility, and in spite of Holy Scripture, in spite of the Apostolic canon against clerical calumny, sits in judgment on its brethren and circulates libellous accusations against them. Having thus inverted the natural order and subordinated charity to faith—rather, having flung it aside in the pursuit of heresy (ignorant all the while what a beam is in its eye)—its own faith corrupts; the supernatural is confounded with the preternatural, and the subject is given over to superstition. The Apocryphal Gospels stand here as warning pillars of salt, but at this stage are generally of no avail. The end of this sad history is that superstition caves into scepticism and consuming fear, and we behold the hideous spectacle of a heart full of secret unbelief, a mouth making grievous imputations against others’ orthodoxy, a temper growing ever more acrimonious. But by this time such a soul—or remnant of a party—is reduced to impotence, is devoid of influence, and the kindest treatment is to cover up its unhappy contentiousness and bitterness of spirit in oblivion.

It really seems as if the time had come when we might hope that the oscillations of thought would be less violent,—that less vehement reactions would be engendered to the loss of correlative truths,—that, in our author’s words, “one might stand for the divine in Christ and not the human and yet not deny the human but if need be stand for it

too, as it might seem to some, against the divine." This is an exact description of his own position, and may serve to guard the point above made against misconstruction: Dr. DuBose is no mere reactionary but a true theologian in that he endeavors faithfully and with success to keep the balance of truth aright: not to disparage any truth but to establish the harmony of all.

We have seen—it is a commonplace—that superstition, a one-sided preternaturalism, an attempt to suppress thought, engenders in the subject himself as well as in others a sceptical reaction—plays in fact into the hands of the infidel. Dr. DuBose has to set forth the primary postulate of religion and Christianity as against materialistic science, to maintain the existence of a faculty in man that apprehends spiritual truths and of a truth to be apprehended by that faculty. "To say that we have no such faculty, and that either there is no such divine to be apprehended or that the divine cannot be so apprehended by us, is to come to the inquiry with a prepossession which disqualifies for seeing the divine in Jesus if it is there. . . . The proof of it must in the very nature of it lie in criteria which are extrascientific [supersensory] . . . Aristotle defines that to be "rational" which is so to the rational or wise man, . . . as conversely he makes the objectively and truly rational the test of the right reason. And so St. Paul says, in perfect consonance with our Lord's own position, that that is spiritual truth which is so to the spiritual man, as conversely the spiritual man is he who understands spiritual truth . . . The Scriptures were found and received of the Church to be inspired because they were inspired." If the scientist makes again the common objection that this is reasoning in a circle, we reply, So is all life; life's a great *petitio principii*; an assumption, a taking something for granted. What is light?—that which is perceived by the eye. What is the eye?—that which perceives light. We posit as just as real a spiritual sense and its object, and maintain that the attempt to explain man by the physical senses only is

no explanation, is utterly inadequate, is supremely ridiculous. And so we come at last to the proper subject-matter of our volume — the doctrine of the person of Christ.

The distinction is clearly drawn at the outset between the *fact* and our *science* of Christ. "It is very evident that there is a double problem involved in the origin and appearance of Christianity in the world — the problem namely not only of its divine giving but also of its human receiving . . . While the truth as it is in Jesus has no history after it was finished in his ascension, the knowledge of it had a history as human and as natural as human nature itself . . . It is not necessary to believe that the apostles themselves had in their minds a developed and defined doctrine of the person and work of our Lord. The incarnate truth is ever more divinely present than it is humanly apprehended . . . The Church knows that Jesus Christ stands to us for a fact of God in nature and in humanity of which it may know the truth although it can forever only approximate the whole truth . . . — that however imperfectly it understands there is yet a perfect truth which it imperfectly understands . . . There is no question to it about Christ, the only question is of our Christology, — to what extent our science truly represents and expresses him."

After emphasizing the deep aversion of the simple Christian mind to speculation — owing in part to the felt difficulty of expressing divine things in human language, — the mass of conservative, even timid piety with which theological thought had to contend (and the same obscure fear, the same inertia beset us still), our guide conducts us, after Dorner, along the two main avenues of Christologic theory, determined of course by the dual nature or personality of the Lord. He shows how Ebionism, the human view of him, recrudesced in the Alogians and Paul of Samosata, and how all that Arianism had to add to Ebionism was just "a compulsory concession to the irresistible Christian demand for a human incarnation of God." It was perceived, that is, that the merely human did not adequately expound

Christ, and Arianism was a concession to the conviction that there was something superhuman about him. This is probably its only Christological interest, for "an incarnation of what is not God in what is not man has nothing in it of the reality and truth of the Christian faith or fact of the divine incarnation." At this point the convergence of the Docetic series—the divine view solely—brings us face to face with the great Trinitarian problem; "Was the whole of God—was, for example, the eternal Father—incarnate in Jesus Christ?"

No—that is Patripassianism, Sabellianism. If so, Ebionism being excluded, "in what sense was the divine Person who was incarnate *one* with God the Father?" Was he a divine attribute? No—that is Samosaténism. He was something more, for "if God is bare unity and absoluteness we can not predicate of him wisdom or knowledge, love, will or action." Was he, then, as these words import, a veritable person in the proper acceptation of the term? No—that is Tritheism: "the different personal subjects within the Godhead ought not even remotely to be compared . . . with men." This is susceptible of the threatening inference that then the person proper was supplied from the human side: but to pass that by, something more than an attribute, whether it be Love or Reason, less than a Person, a Will, was incarnate in Jesus: what was it? What part of the one divine personality? Is an incarnation of a part of a Will thinkable?—It was an Hypostasis. What is that? A Subsistence. What is that? One of the distinctions in the divine nature. And so on in an endlessly repeating chain of affirmations that do not explain, of terms that only succeed in defining a hard thing by another equally hard, that have not even the value of symbols, for they are made to denote the inconceivable, the absolutely unintelligible,—something more than an attribute, less than a person: a Personule, a frustum of a person. And there the question rests to-day.

The work under consideration does not profess to be a

treatise on the Trinity but solely a Christological study. This must be held to account for an otherwise startling lacuna: on referring to the index we find a solitary reference to the "Holy Ghost"; turning to the page we discover three sentences about Macedonianism, which is dismissed as follows: "There is no real issue involved in the discussion which has not been already considered and we need not devote further consideration to the heresy." Were this omission not explicable as suggested it would seem to betray the fatal weakness common to all our theologians, consequent on confused thought about the Trinity, as regards the doctrine of the Spirit.

To descend to what our author has marked out as his peculiar field,—to consider his chief contribution; the most valuable part of the book, in fact its theme, its leading idea, is its criticism on Apollinarianism. Here he thinks deeply and feels intensely. (We must be on our guard against repetition). We are reminded that in the fourth century, during the contest with Arianism, it would be impossible, from the Athanasian side, to render to the humanity all its due. This was Apollinaris' opportunity—and his doctrine "crept into the inner heart of the Church while this was intent only upon excluding from itself the opposite vice" of Arianism. Apollinaris taught an abridged humanity—a humanity devoid of the rational soul, the spiritual, the essential element. Such an "incarnation is no true human redemption and completion . . . Of what use or interest is it to us . . . that God under a semblance of humanity should present to us a spectacle of human victory over sin and sorrow and death? What we want is not a divine ideal but a human actuality of these things . . . Of course according to Apollinaris since our Lord brought his humanity and his human holiness with him into the world, he was complete from the first; he had no real infancy or growth; he learned nothing, acquired nothing, encountered and overcame no real temptation, was in no true sense made perfect by the things he suffered nor really touched with any feeling of our infirm-

ity . . . He was no perfecting God for he perfected nothing, nor perfected man for he was perfected in nothing . . . It was not only essential he should have truly hungered and thirsted, been weary and suffered and died, but that he should also have been humanly ignorant and weak, been tempted, have prayed, believed, received grace and been saved, have overcome sin and conquered death, . . in accordance with all the laws and attributes of a real manhood, through a real human birth, infancy and ignorance, growth in knowledge, will and character, faith and obedience, holiness, righteousness and life." Hence the protest of a series of theologians great and little — Diodorus, Theodore of Mopsuestia, Nestorius — terminating in an antithesis of the divine and human natures or persons,— and hence a fanatical preternaturalist reaction culminating in Eutyches' metathesis of the human until the very body of Jesus was declared to be unlike ours.

It is to be observed that this latter party is always the party of passion; it stands self-condemned by its ungodly, unchristian, inhuman and criminal violence — for to such a revolting end leads a self-constituted championship of a pretended "faith" which, minus reason, minus charity, is a prostitution of that sacred name. Of St. Chrysostom "Theophilus [of Alexandria] in his partisan blindness was capable of . . . saying in a public invective: 'He was not what he seemed to be; his guilt transcended all possible penalties; in the world to come he will endure an eternal penalty . . . Christ himself will condemn him to be cast into outer darkness.'" Such is the temper that later tore with red-hot pincers the flesh of saints and poured molten lead down their throats. At the Robber Synod, "Flavian, who had almost alone had the strength and courage to oppose the violence of Dioscorus, received at the hands of the more brutal monks physical injuries that soon after resulted in his death . . . In the violence that disgraced beyond all parallel the closing scenes, only one of the Roman legates could withstand the intimidation that carried everything before it

sufficiently to utter his 'contradicitur' to the proceedings."

In the horror-stricken hush that followed these outrages was convened the great Council of Chalcedon, and there, inspired by Leo of Rome and in this point (we may truly believe) by the Holy Ghost, was uttered the famous *INDIVISE, INCONVERTIBILITER, INSEPARABILITER, INCONFUSE*—the high water mark of human thought. "For the first time, alongside of the Athanasian statement of the real divinity of the incarnate Lord was posited something like a corresponding and adequate statement of the reality and actuality of his humanity." Yet as in the case of the Nicene and first Constantinopolitan, "the decrees of Chalcedon were rather the beginning than the end of a controversy with regard to the main subject-matter of its action." Dr. DuBose criticizes Leo's definition as a mere affirmation, not a satisfactory solution of the problem. And as a matter of fact what light is thrown upon the Trinitarian question by that definition? Leo furnishes another equivalent for that mysterious personule; it equals a divine nature, we learn. But alas! impersonal nature may be added to nature *ad infinitum* yet never equal a Person. It is true: we are left in the dark as to how two natures coalesce in a single personality. Furthermore, Leo's view of the human nature is inadequate; "No really human significance" is conceded by him to our Lord higher than the merely corporeal; and yet he distributes his operations among the natures. Plainly, he had not "arrived at a satisfactory conception or appreciation either of our Lord's completeness in each nature or of his unity in both."

His weakness in the latter regard explains the great Eutychian or Monophysitic apostasy that characterized the sixth century—a century strangely neglected by students in general, though it contained the wondrous reign of Justinian. The Christological movements of that reign are in fact of extraordinary interest and importance: the whole Docetic series of heresies is recapitulated by them in subtler forms. The Aphthartodocetae followed Eutyches in assert-

ing difference in kind between Jesus' body and ours: his was immortal by nature. To this sect Justinian himself was affiliated in his last years. Against this view the Severians maintained Christ's physical consubstantiality with us, while denying any human limitations of his mind. Thus they recall the early Patripassians. Severus "is wholly unwilling to concede to the human soul that reality which he concedes to the human body. Our Lord, e. g., has but one consciousness, one knowledge, and that the divine. From the moment of the union of the natures, i. e., from the moment of the conception in the womb, the consciousness of Jesus was that of the divine Logos; his knowledge was omniscience . . . So our Lord had only one, and that the infinitely and eternally perfect divine will. He was no more capable of moral than of mental progress and growth." Dr. DuBose omits to mention the schism caused in the Severian ranks by the rise of a party that contested the enormity of this infantile omniscience, and were therefore branded by the majority with the opprobrious term "Agnoetae" — "Ignoramuses." Thus Monophysitism was pushed, step by step, along the line of the trichotomist psychology until at last it was forced upon the higher plane of Monothelitism. The pressure of orthodox thought was so strong that Honorius, bishop of Rome, the Monothelite spokesman, conceded every human faculty to Christ save Will, for which he substituted the Logos. This finer, ethical Apollinarianism was contested by the Athanasius of the seventh century, the Theodore redivivus — Maximus Confessor. He "did much to reestablish and preserve the truth of a . . . moral and spiritual humanity in our Lord . . . vindicating the position of the will as a constituent element in the idea of a rational being." Within the pale of the ethical accordingly the battle was fought out, and Dyothelitism triumphed, employing the very terms of the Chalcedonian formula, at the Sixth General Council and third of Constantinople, in the year 680. Under shelter of the anathemas of that council simple Christian faith may ultimately have to retreat before the evolutions of

the theologians. A divine will, not the Father, united with a true human will!—It is safe to say that the tremendous significance of that definition has not dawned upon the theological world.

Even with Maximus, however, our critic has a controversy. "The ablest of the theologians," he writes, "who had gone so far and done so much to vindicate the now almost complete construction of our Lord's manhood faltered at the last step"; though asserting the human will, in the supposed service of a perfect sinlessness he denied it free agency. This is the point of departure of that remarkable movement that originated in far-away Spain in the following century: Adoptionism. It consisted, in a word, in an assertion of a genuinely human ethical experience in our Lord. One looks forward with some impatience, as in previous discussions, to an exact statement of our author's relation to the new system—his point of contact with and divergence from it, and some criticism other than the commonplace that like Nestorianism it imperilled the hypostatic union. Dr. DuBose naturally and properly enough undertakes at the outset an apology for Adoptionism, which takes the direction of a denial that it ever "for an instant intentionally or consciously implied two egos or subjects in our Lord." Hence we read with regret a few pages further that "on the whole there can be little doubt that the Adoptionist representation of the man Christ Jesus as a limited and individual human being like one of us did justify the charge . . . that their position led practically to a Nestorian twofold personality of the Lord." And so, alas! this is the upshot of the prodigious analysis we have been tracing—a phenomenological humanity only in Christ. This is our Doctor's parting gift, all he has to offer us—in the last analysis, a divine ego masquerading behind the *phenomena* of a non-existent human ego! "It is perfectly true to say that our Lord assumed an impersonal human nature." Consider how clinging must be the taint of Docetism, how it is worked into our very marrow, if at the end of such a discussion, of anti-do-

cetic motive, all that such a mind has to leave us is a docetic solution, which we must sadly say is *ipso facto* none at all! This is the ground of our complaint, that having claimed for Christ every human faculty and activity not sinful, only to be connoted by the term "personal," having built up his nature to the full proportions of the personal, by an evasion (not Dr. DuBose's own but common to the theological race) that personal, in the supposed service of the hypostatic union, is minimized forthwith into a natural, and we are immediately confronted by a glaring sphinx of a question: What then is that personal? — 'Tis x , an unknown quantity, a *tertium quid*, a *caput mortuum*, and must be relegated to the limbo of Trinitarian personules, — unless one should have the hardihood to identify it with that in which alone Christ's human nature differs from our *persons*, i. e., sin. Is that the personal *quid* he was without?

In the last analysis human nature equals self-determination, equals personality. It is our nature to be personal; truism as it is, it appears that it cannot be too often repeated: it is our nature to be personal. By this ours is distinguished from animal nature. Therefore any who affirm that the Logos assumed human nature affirm *ipso facto* that he assumed human personality: there is no escape, and who would wish it?: they are equivalent terms: personality is what distinguishes our nature from that of beasts. We must grasp the dilemma by both horns and affirm against Apollinaris and all his tribe that two persons, the two moral natures that the Church teaches, can be one person, and are one in the person of Jesus Christ. Why should this truth, which rightly comprehended is the most inspiring ideal, inspire instead "constant fear"? What is the "danger" in this uplifting harmony? Duality, duly considered, is essential to unity. We may interpret that union as the inclusion (not absorption), the interpenetration of the less by the greater; the figure of multiplication may aid understanding of it: as one into one forever produces only a richer one, so does the divine in our Lord multiplied into the human.

“ Within the Catholic Church itself, after and in spite of the condemnation of general councils, the higher Docetism or practical denial of our Lord’s humanity in its higher aspects and functions resumed its sway. In the indiscriminating and wholesale rejection of Adoptionism the Christianity of the middle ages crushed out the last effort before the Reformation to attach a due and proportionate and vital importance to that very and complete humanity in all its parts and functions which our Lord assumed and in which alone he was very and indeed man or accomplished a veritable redemption and completion of human nature. . . . The Church’s action in the matter is happily not to be received as universal or final . . . Catholic thought was not as able as it is now to see Jesus exactly as he is in himself.

GREENOUGH WHITE.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE WHEEL—VELOCIPED TO MOTOCYCLE.

There is much talk in these days of the "horseless carriage," a term which is certainly not distinctive. What is meant by a "horseless carriage," however, is a carriage propelled by some mechanical power within itself and running on ordinary roads without the aid of rails. The French call such a carriage an "automobile," while in our country the term "motor-carriage" or "motocycle" is used. Within the last twelve months these carriages have attracted general attention, as is attested by the large number of articles on the subject that have appeared in our newspapers and magazines. Another sign that the interest in this new mode of locomotion is real and not feigned, is that quite a number of magazines devoted exclusively to the motocycle have sprung up, and that societies for the promotion of motor carriages have been formed in the United States, in England, in France, in Belgium, and perhaps in other countries. As the caption of this article implies, the writer considers the motocycle as, in a sense, evolved from the bicycle, for this was the pioneer in the field and paved the way for the self-propelled carriage which boasts of more than two wheels and requires no muscular exertion to make it go.

In the *L. A. W. Bulletin* of September 1, 1895, Mr. King gives a drawing of a bicycle, or hobby-horse, represented on a stained glass window in Stoke Pogis Church, near Slough, Bucks (England), which, as the window is about one hundred and ninety years old, was doubtless copied from or suggested by some similar construction of the coach-makers of nearly two centuries back. If this drawing may be taken as representing the seventeenth century idea of a "wheel," it is not unlike the machine used by Baron von Drais over one hundred years later.

The earliest form of two-wheeled velocipede of which we have any precise knowledge seems to be the clumsy con-

trivance used by this nobleman about 1816 and patented in France.

It is described as having consisted "of two wheels,¹ one before the other, connected by a bar or perch over them, the forward wheel axled in a fork swiveled to the fore end of the perch, and having a cross-bar or handles above the latter to guide it by. The rider sat astride the perch, propelled the contrivance on level and up-grade by thrusting his feet on the ground, and directed it by means of the handles, by turning the direction of the forewheel; while on a descending grade he lifted his feet from the ground and let it run." This machine, known as the "Draisine," appears to have been introduced into England in 1818 by a man named Johnson, under the name of "pedestrian curricule." It was an improved form of the "Draisine," but hardly less cumbersome. This machine aroused considerable interest in England, but not being practical, it seems to have been laughed out of existence. While it was in vogue, we read of one man, "a very adroit velocipede," who rode on one from London to Falkirk in Scotland. The "pedestrian curricule" soon made its appearance on this side of the Atlantic, and in 1819 these curious velocipedes were all the rage. But the craze soon died out here as it had done in England.

In 1821, Gompertz produced his "hobby-horse." This machine does not seem to have attracted much attention, but the introduction of a new mechanical factor of propulsion makes it very interesting from an historical standpoint. The rider, as before, could propel it by resting partly on the saddle and striding along the ground, but he was now provided with a handle over the front wheel which was connected with a segment rack, gearing in a pinion on the front wheel which could thus be driven with the hand. We next meet with a curious anticipation of the modern safety bicycle. This was a rear-driving, wooden safety bicycle,

¹ For this description and many other facts the writer is indebted to "Cycling for Health and Pleasure," by L. H. Porter.

invented in 1845 by a Scotchman named Dalzell. This wonderful invention—a great stride in the evolution of the modern bicycle—seems to have slept, and very little is known of it. No other important step was taken for twenty years.

In 1865 Lallement, a French mechanic, built the first two-wheel velocipede, the front wheel, propelled by foot-cranks, being both driver and steerer. The following year he came to this country and built a velocipede. Finally, in 1869, there was a great rage for the velocipede or “bone-shaker,” in the United States. Rinks, halls and riding schools were opened in all the principal cities. Everyone, with any sporting tendencies, who could buy, hire or borrow a machine was eager to learn to ride. The fever was particularly intense among the students of Yale and other colleges. The time of this remarkable velocipede boom is known as the “Bone-shaker” days.

The American velocipede of 1869—the subject of all this furor—had wheels of about equal size, the pedals being applied directly to the axle of the front wheel. The rider's position, between the wheels, made the action of pedaling an awkward, ineffective, forward thrust, and the machine itself was heavy and clumsy and was much ridiculed. The craze soon died out, and the “bone-shaker” disappeared, to be succeeded about 1874 by a wheel of the true bicycle type, a type which developed a decade later into the “ordinary.” This wheel was not ushered in with a “boom,” but its own merits won for it a steady, but sure favor.

The form of the so-called “ordinary” is familiar to us all, especially to those who have taken “headers” from its dizzy height. There are many who think that this machine, with its big steering and driving wheel in front and its very small rear wheel, had a grace and a dignity that the low safety does not possess. In passing we would say that the real inventor of the tricycle was Mr. Starley of England. The tricycle has been much used in England, but owing largely to our inferior roads, it has never met with much favor in America except as a toy for children.

Following the development, and not pausing to name different styles of "high" wheels, we consider the last product of the evolution—the safety bicycle. It is said that the first bicycle embodying the principles of the rear driver was a machine invented by H. J. Lawson, of Brighton, about 1876, and subsequently manufactured under the name of the "safety" bicycle. The rear driver was driven directly by means of levers and the principle of gearing up was not introduced. About 1880, the same inventor produced a wheel, with a rear driver much smaller than the front wheel. The driving by chain and cog-wheel was introduced and gearing up was adopted. This wheel, which was in the line of direct progress towards the "Rover Safety," soon disappeared, though it deserved a better fate. From our standpoint it is more worthy of notice than the "Facile" safety of 1880, and the "Kangaroo" safety of 1883, though these were for a time quite the rage, and paved the way in the popular mind for the "Rover."

But to J. K. Starley is due the credit of first making a practical machine on the safety plan. His original "Rover Safety" appeared in 1883-'84. A few years later this was very much improved by the introduction of the inclined fork for steering, and the two wheels were then made the same size. The Rover pattern of 1890 was practically our safety of to-day. It is true many and important improvements have been made in the details of construction and general workmanship, especially in the introduction of pneumatic tires, but in principle the machine of 1890 is the machine of 1896.

Much credit is due the manufacturers who have done so much to introduce the wheel and to prove its utility. Especially are the thanks of the riding public due to that able, energetic pioneer in importing and manufacturing bicycles, Colonel A. A. Pope, head of the celebrated firm who make the Columbia bicycles.

The craze of 1819 and 1860 has not been repeated, but when the true bicycle was born, its introduction was ac-

complished slowly at first, but steadily. It came to stay, it has stayed, and it is destined to stay. It had opposition and ignorant prejudice to overcome. It has, however, for the most part, overcome all obstacles, and now persons of both sexes, and in all vocations of life ride the wheel both for pleasure and business. Wheelmen have done more for the cause of good roads in America than any other organization. We are safe in saying that the wheel has become a factor in modern civilization. The only limit to its sphere of usefulness, both in civil and military life, seems that which is necessarily imposed by the lack of good roads. Anyone who studies the question carefully, or even reads attentively the foregoing pages of this brief sketch, will, we feel sure, see that the facts here presented are suggestive of future development in the direction of self-propelled carriages of all descriptions. Many difficult problems solved by the expert mechanic in perfecting the bicycle, are solved for the motocyple. Many laws that wheelmen have secured for the protection of the bicycle and its rider, will prove to be laws equally favorable to the development and use of the motocyple, and this brings us to the second part of our paper.

We have said that the bicycle was the pioneer that paved the way for the motocyple. We have thus rather assumed that by a process of evolution the motocyple came from the bicycle. We maintain that is the logical way to look at it, though it may be that the horseless carriage was conceived of, if not invented, before the two-wheeled velocipede was thought of.

In 1759 Dr. Robinson called the attention of Watt to the possibility of constructing a carriage to be driven by a steam engine, and ten years later Cuynot, a French army officer, rigged up a gun-carriage and a big copper boiler so that it was driven by its own power. There was too much danger of the passengers being scalded to death to make the machine popular and it was soon cast aside. This engine is still preserved in Paris. In 1784 the Cornish engineer, James Murdoch, invented a road engine.

In 1786, Wm. Symington designed a road machine consisting of a carriage with a steam locomotive behind. In the same year the first patent for road engines in America was secured by Oliver Evans, who it seems obtained, from the Maryland Legislature, a monopoly for his system of applying steam to the propelling of wagons on land. In 1804 he completed a flat bottomed boat for dredging the Philadelphia docks, and, mounting it on wheels, drove it by its own steam engine to the river bank. Launching the craft, which he named the "Ornkton Amphibolus," he propelled it down the river, using the engine to drive the paddle-wheels.

In 1827 Mr. Gurney invented, in England, a steam carriage. In this carriage, which created considerable stir, the engine was made up of several cylinders, transmitting power to the hind axle. There were, besides, "propellers," described as moving like the hind legs of a horse, catching the ground and thus forcing the machine forward, grasshopper fashion. This invention, like earlier attempts, was short-lived, and it did not materialize into anything of real service. Perhaps the chief reason for this was that about 1802 Trevethick and Vivian demonstrated that it was possible to run steam locomotives upon a line of smooth rails, even upon slight gradients, and the attention of inventors was turned in a new direction.

In 1828, however, the subject of self-propelled road carriages came forward, and a great deal of ingenuity was displayed in meeting the supposed demand. It was thought that the days of the horse were numbered, and that the future of these road carriages was assured; steam "buggies" were to supplant horses and steam stage coaches were really built and run for some time for hire.

In 1831, Sir G. Gurney built a steam wagon, which he ran between Cheltenham and Gloucester, a distance of nine miles, and with a coach attached to this motor he carried thirty-three passengers in fifty minutes. He ran this coach for four month and carried over three thousand passengers,

and attempted to extend its use throughout England and Scotland. But the success of the experiment of running carriages on rails, and the speedy extension of railways coupled with the difficulties of adapting his road wagon to the varying conditions and gradients of common roads put a stop to further efforts in that direction. So the subject of mechanically propelled carriages for common roads was dropped and was not seriously taken up for many years to come.

It is only within the last decade, or we might say within the last five years that the question of motor carriages has again come to the front. France was the first country to make a public test of the efficiency of the motor carriage, or auto-mobile. Her splendid system of government roads was conducive to the success of the undertaking. The first auto-mobile race, from Paris to Rouen, was held in June, 1894, and this was followed in June, 1895, by the great races from Paris to Bordeaux. These contests brought the importance of the subject before the public, and encouraged manufacturers and inventors to renewed efforts looking to the improvement of the horseless carriage.

The Paris-Rouen races were under the auspices of the *Petit Journal*, which enterprising paper offered five prizes, the highest being \$1,000.

Security, easy management, and cheapness were essential features of the conditions. Out of one hundred and two carriages which originally entered for the competition, twenty-six finally took part in the race. The greater number were petroleum motors, steam coming next, while there was only one electric motor in the contest. A petroleum motor of the Daimler type got the first prize.

Before passing to similar successful attempts in our own country to bring the motorcycle into popular notice, mention should be made of progress in England and Germany. Though England claims to have produced the first successful motor carriage, yet she has hardly kept pace with recent developments. One reason of this is found in the English

laws which prescribed that a motor carriage on a highway must be preceded by a man carrying a red flag, and that its speed must be limited to two miles per hour.

This law, which was enacted for the purpose of controlling steam road-crushers, has lately been repealed.

Within the last few months much more interest in self-propelled carriages has been manifested by the English public, as is evinced by the exhibition lately held at the Imperial Institute, London.

In Germany the motor carriage has been developed to quite a high state of perfection by a number of manufacturers, notably by the firm of Benz & Co., of Mannheim. Many styles of vehicles are made here as in other countries, with seating capacity for one, two, or more persons. When it seats only one, it is usually a motor bicycle or tricycle.

Soon after the Paris-Bordeaux races, the Chicago *Times-Herald*, with most commendable zeal, offered premiums aggregating \$5,000 for a motor carriage race to be held in Chicago on Nov. 2, 1895. This contest was not a success, as for various reasons, only one vehicle completed the race. The *Times-Herald*, nothing daunted, announced that its original prizes and conditions would hold good for a contest to be held on Nov. 28, 1895. Any American paper on the history and development of the motorcycle would be incomplete without some account of this contest. For nothing has so encouraged the advocates of the motorcycle in our country and directed the attention of the public to the subject as this *Times-Herald* contest. The main difficulty is to do the subject justice in the short space allotted to this article. For more definite information we would refer the reader to the account of the race as given in the *Times-Herald* and in *The Motorcycle*, a monthly magazine devoted to the development of the horseless carriage, and to valuable and interesting articles in the *Engineering News* of Feb. 27, and March 5, 1896, from which journals much of what we here give is taken.

The more important and suggestive conditions of this contest were as follows :

The contest is limited to motor-carriages or, as they are more commonly known, "horseless carriages." There will be eligible to competition any and all vehicles having three or more running wheels, and which derive all their motive power from within themselves. No vehicle shall be admitted to competition which depends in any way upon muscular exertion, except for purposes of guidance.

No vehicle shall be admitted to competition unless it shall comfortably carry not less than two persons for the entire distance, one of whom may have charge of the vehicle and the manipulation of the same.

No vehicle shall be admitted to competition except that it be free from danger, not only to its occupants but to spectators and the public users of the highway. The judges at their discretion, may debar any vehicle which, from its construction, gives evidence of defects which would render the adoption of its type an evident impossibility.

For the purpose of limiting the contest to vehicles of practical utility a preliminary test of all vehicles entered for competition shall be held by the judges under such rules and for such a distance as the judges may determine on.

In making awards the judges will carefully consider the various points of excellence as displayed by the respective vehicles, and so far as possible select as prize winners those constructions which combine in the highest degree the following features and requisites, voting them of value in the order named: (1) General utility, ease of control and adaptability to the various forms of work which may be demanded of a vehicle motor. In other words, the construction which is in every way the most practical. (2) Speed. (3) Cost. (4) Economy of operation. (5) General appearance and excellence of design.

The conditions and tests imposed by the board of judges were very comprehensive in character. Each motor carriage should, first, be subjected to a laboratory test and, second, should cover a prescribed course of fifty-four miles inside of seven hours. The time limit was afterwards extended, owing to the bad condition of the roads caused by a heavy fall of snow. The award of premiums was to be made on the record shown both in the laboratory and service

tests. The course was over paved city streets and macadamized roads. Six carriages contested and premiums were awarded as follows:

(1) An award of \$2,000 to the Duryea Motor Wagon Co., of Springfield, Mass., for best performance in the road race, for range of speed and pull, with compactness of design. (2) An award of \$1,500 to the H. Mueller & Co. motorcycle, of Decatur, Ill., for performance in the road race and economy in operation. (3) An award of \$500 to the R. H. Macy & Co. motorcycle, of New York, for showing made in the road race. (4) An award of \$500 to the Sturges Electric motorcycle, of Chicago, for showing made in the road race. (5) An award of the *Times-Herald* gold medal to the Morris & Salom electrobat, of Philadelphia, for best showing made in the official tests for safety, ease of control, absence of noise, vibration, heat or odor, cleanliness and general excellence of design and workmanship.

A detailed description of these machines is beyond the scope of this article, but a brief description, giving some of the features of two or three of these motorcycles, would hardly seem out of place.

(1) Duryea Gasoline Motor Carriage: This machine weighs 1,028 lbs., and is mounted on four wheels with pneumatic tires and ball bearings. The power is generated by a two-cylinder $4 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ inch gasoline engine. The vehicle has a carrying capacity of 8 gallons of gasoline and it also carries a tank of water to prevent the motor from overheating. A vertical movement of a lever changes the speed, starts or stops, or reverses the vehicle if desired. The brake is so arranged that the carriage, under a speed of 12 miles an hour, can be stopped in a few feet. Among the advantages claimed for this wagon are, little noise and odor, four speeds, 5, 10 and 20 miles an hour forward, and 3 miles an hour backward, its fuel costs less than one-half cent per mile, it runs from 100 to 200 miles without refilling, and is not dangerous either from fire or explosion. The retail price of this carriage is from \$1,000 to \$2,000, according to details.

(2) The Mueller-Benz Gasoline Motor Carriage, which received the second premium, weighs 1,636 lbs., and is mounted on four wheels with solid rubber tires and roller bearings. The power is generated by a one-cylinder Benz Gasoline Engine.

(3) The Moris & Salom Electrobat: This machine is mounted on four wheels with pneumatic tires and ball bearings, the rear wheels being the steering wheels. The power is obtained from two $1\frac{1}{2}$ H P. Sundell electric motors. The weight of the motor is 800 lbs., and the weight of the total carriage is 1,650 lbs. The batteries consist of four sets of twelve cells each, having a normal capacity of 50 ampere-hours per cell. There are four speeds ahead and one backward, which are obtained by various groupings of the batteries and motors in series and parallels. The cost of the vehicle is \$1,000.

In attempting this very meagre description of these vehicles, it must be borne in mind that they are mentioned as the winners of the premiums at Chicago, and they are not necessarily held up as the best types or as the best machines of their types; indeed, it is quite likely that these same companies are turning out better motorcycles now than they did in 1895, so rapidly are such mechanical inventions being developed. As to the motive power, gasoline engines seem now the favorite. The use of gasoline for other purposes has caused so many accidents that the layman needs some assurance other than the mere say so of the manufacturer, that it will, under any condition that may arise in a motor carriage, be perfectly safe. We do not doubt the safety of gasoline thus used, but the public must be confident that there is no danger from fire or explosion.

However, it would probably be a safe guess—I had almost said a safe scientific guess—to say that we must look to electricity for the future and successful power for motor carriages. The storage battery problem is still imperfectly solved. At present the immense weight of the batteries and the difficulty of having them re-charged, stand in the way of the electric motor. In the other respects it seems to us that the electric motor has great advantages over the hydro-carbon engines.

To return to the subject of contests, several races have been held during the past year. As, at the time of writing this article, the writer has seen no official report of many of these contests, he contents himself with a mere mention of

them. The *Cosmopolitan Magazine* contest was held on May 30th, with seemingly no very striking results. In September, a speed race was held in Providence, R. I., under the auspices of the Rhode Island State Fair. Eight vehicles entered the race, which was over a course of five miles. There were three heats. The Riker Electric Motor Company won the first money. In the last heat the fastest time was made, 11 minutes 27 seconds.

The points taken into consideration by the judges in the 1,100 guinea motorcycle contest, arranged by *The Engineer* (London) are of great interest, but, for lack of space, cannot be given here.

The contest of the year was the Paris-Marseilles-Paris race, held under the auspices of the Auto-Mobile Club of France. The course was from Paris to Marseilles and back to Paris, about 1,000 miles in all.

Many other contests and exhibitions were held in various countries during the past year, the object being to stimulate inventors, to encourage manufacturers, and to educate the public to the merits of the new mode of locomotion.

For the purpose of giving some idea of the number of motorcycles in service, we shall give a few facts obtained from journals that have made a study of the subject.¹

In Paris, the *Magazins de Louvre* has for some time been using an auto-mobile for the delivery of its goods, the vehicle being in continuous use from 8 A.M. to 7 P.M. It has proved so successful that the managers have ordered several other similar vehicles. Over 400 auto-mobiles have been registered at the Paris Prefecture of Police, and there are hundreds in other cities of France. All sorts of vehicles are made—the omnibus, T-cart, phaeton, coupé, victoria, etc. The Omnibus Company, of Berlin, has ordered several 'buses to make runs in the city, and the London Road Car Company has taken like steps.

At the first meeting of the Great Horseless Carriage

¹ *The Horseless Age*, New York. *The Engineer*, London. *The Motorcycle*, Chicago.

Company, of London, whose capital stock is £750,000, it was reported that 4,000 applications for motor carriages had been received and filed. In America, the number of motorcycles in actual use is limited. Second Assistant Postmaster-General Neilson has contracted for several motor wagons to carry the mail in some of our cities. In Ceylon several motor carriages have been purchased for carrying the royal mails. The motorcycle is attracting attention in India, where it seems destined to take the place of the elephant, the horse, and the camel. Mr. Sanderson, the elephant catcher, is said to be the pioneer in the use of motor carriages in India. It is reported that he has used with much success a steam motor on his hunts, certainly a novel use for the motorcycle.

From the foregoing pages, it is quite evident that the motorcycle is an established fact in the world. We cannot deny that it is here, and we must believe that it is destined to stay. But it is well for us to ask what its sphere of usefulness is and what its possibilities are; for what work is it best suited, and where will it replace the horse, and in what field will it not take the place of the horse? These are pertinent questions. It is well to remember at the outset that a much higher power is required when that power is applied to the rim of a wheel than when it is applied to the axles, as when a vehicle is drawn by a horse. For this reason the motorcycle is far more dependent upon good, hard roads than the horse vehicle. While experiments prove that motorcycles can travel over rough roads, even with several inches of snow on them, as was the case in the Chicago race, yet it is equally true that they are not adapted to our ordinary country roads. A motor of sufficient power to ascend our steeper hills or to pull through our muddy roads would have to be so heavy and costly that its use would not be practicable. Of course the roads will in time improve. But even if our roads were all good, the farmers, who do the principal hauling in the country, would have no use for motorcycles, for they must have horses for plowing and har-

vesting, and these horses while not thus employed can be utilized in hauling produce to market, and in taking the family to church on Sunday. In the cities, however, the conditions are very different. For one thing it is very much more expensive to keep a horse in the city than in the country, and then, too, the horse is usually employed solely for hauling freight or passengers, and could be dispensed with if the motorcycle can do equally well the same work. Another fact to be considered is that the roads or pavements of the city and vicinity are, generally speaking, much superior to those in the country. For city traffic the motor carriage that would take the place of the horse vehicle must be ready to move at a moment's notice, to take long trips if necessary, to start, to stop, to turn round quickly and with ease. Safety must be the first consideration, and in a large measure the safety of the vehicle depends upon the certainty and promptness with which it can be stopped, and upon the certainty and ease with which it can be steered. Increased speed means increased danger, and it is quite evident that the speed in the streets cannot be much increased. One thing in favor of the horse is his versatility. The horse can vary his speed and his pull by almost imperceptible amounts, and he can exert in an emergency, for a short time, a pull equivalent to three or four horse power. It is a well known fact that accidents, both in crowded streets and country highways, are daily averted by the instinct of the horse itself. But the motor having no instinct, everything depends upon the driver or conductor. The danger from collision would be greatly augmented, and, owing to the greater weight of the vehicles, would be attended with more serious results. On the whole, however, we think that the motorcycle, even in its present state of development, is a suitable vehicle, under limitations, for city traffic. And it may be that on country stage lines, over good roads, the motorcycle could profitably be substituted for the stage-coach or omnibus. There are many such stage lines, even in the more settled parts of the United States, ranging from eight to fifty

miles in length. Of course it is mere nonsense to talk of the motorcycle taking the place of trolley lines in suburban districts. As to pleasure driving, here the motorcycle would play a small part, requiring too much labor and attention, if one elects to drive himself, and, in the other event, great faith in one's coachman. At the same time it is possible that much of the prejudice against such vehicles grows out of the mistaken notion that there is bound to be much noise and vibration, puffing and sissing, and that the brake and steering levers are as formidable as those that the gripman manipulates on cable cars. This is a misleading impression, for even now it is claimed that motors are made practically free from noise and vibration, and with no offensive odor. Indeed, the new machines, with their rawhide gearing and solid rubber or pneumatic tires are said to be almost noiseless.

In closing, we cannot refrain from mentioning one other striking advantage that the motorcycles possess, namely, their cleanliness. With motorcycles in use, the problem of street cleaning will be greatly simplified, and the health of our cities promoted.

The writer loves a horse too much ever to wish to see a *horseless age*, but he will not be alone in welcoming the day when the motorcycle, improved and beautified, shall occupy its proper place in the world's economy.

SAMUEL M. BARTON.

HELEN IN INDIA.¹

The strongest of all reasons for the study of Greek is genealogical. English poetry is so picked out with the gold threads of Grecian story that only the knower of Greek can enjoy to the fullest the literature of his own language. Greek literature, which is ultimately Homer, is the ancestral trunk of much of the best of our own. There may be, it is true, scientific, that is to say, philological debate whether we should say Homer, or the Homeric poems; but to the literary man, to Mr. Andrew Lang, there can be only Homer, the eternal Homer.

"Eternal" is no light epithet; there are older literary remains than Greece has bequeathed us, — the Semitic monuments, the hymns of the Vedas; but when once their essential kernel of fact has been abstracted, their chief interest for Occidentals will be over and gone. Greece, on the other hand, stands for perfection of form in literature as in sculpture, and so must ever be the concern of the artist as well as of the student. In literature Homer is the well to which the pitcher must go.

Most closely akin to the modern taste is the Odyssey, which, as a boy's book of adventure, is no less interesting than Robinson Crusoe, and, as a book of fairy tales, surpasses, to my mind any modern collection. The Iliad, on the contrary, is a book of war, duller in its details, modern somewhat as being the story of a truant wife, but not completely *fin de siècle*, for that the truant lady is reconciled to her deserted lord. How modern both stories are in their plotting, or rather, how unchanging is life! Ulysses and Penelope find a modern parallel in Enoch Arden and Annie, but the Grecian woman of yore was truer to her wandering

¹ This sketch is based on a technical paper by the author on the "Aryan Divinity of Lightning", which is publishing in the *American Journal of Philology*, xvii., No. 1, (B. L. Gildersleeve, editor, Baltimore, Maryland).

spouse; haply she did flirt a trifle with her suitors, but in this case flirting was self-defense, to keep them all at a distance. Helen is the eloping wife. We blame her, but she is the more fascinating. It is one of the freaks of our understanding that the *Odyssey* is our favorite poem, but no figure in it, barring the simple-sweet Nausicaa, takes such a hold on our fancy as Hector, the hero of disaster, to whom the boon of death — more glorious than a *Troia rediviva* in Italy, — was allotted by the gods, and Helen who *is* Beauty, forever and evermore.

In illustration of this point, and to give in advance some of the less-known details of the Helen-myth which we shall presently have to discuss, I cite a few passages from contemporary English poetry. But in order to show the extent of our inheritance from our Homeric ancestry, I will begin by making a citation of rare beauty from Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*, written almost three full centuries ago, where Faustus apostrophizes a vision of Helen as follows (Act V, sc. 1, end):

"Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium? —
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss. —
Her lips suck forth my soul: see, where it flies! —
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for love of thee
Instead of Troy, shall Wertenberg be sacked;
And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
And wear thy colours on my plumèd crest;
Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
And then return to Helen for a kiss.
O, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
When he appeared to hapless Semele;
More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azur'd arms;
And none but thou shalt be my paramour."

My next citation is from Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women":

"At length I saw a lady within call,
Stillter than chiselled marble, standing there;
A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair."

Further on he represents Helen as saying:

"I had great beauty; ask thou not my name:
No one can be more wise than destiny,
Many drew swords and died. Where'er I came
I brought calamity.

* * * * *

"I would the white cold heavy-plunging foam
Whirl'd by the wind, had rolled me deep below
Then when I left my home."

Browning, in "Fifine at the Fair" (xx.) says:

"See, Helen! pushed in front o' the world's woost night and storm,
By Lady Venus' hand on shoulder: the sweet form
Shrinkingly prominent, though mighty, like a moon
Outbreaking from a cloud, to put harsh things in tune,
And magically bring mankind to acquiesce
In its own ravage —"

Further on (Fifine xxvii.) the Helen-myth is related in one of its less usual forms, the form that Euripides followed in his play of Helena:

"Well, it may be, the name of Helen brought to mind
A certain myth I mused in years long left behind:
How she that fled from Greece with Paris whom she loved,
And came to Troy, and there found shelter, and so proved
Such cause of the world's woe, — how she, old stories call
This creature, Helen's self, never saw Troy at all.
Jove had his fancy-fit, must needs take empty air,
Fashion her likeness forth, and set the phantom there
I' the midst, for sport, to try conclusions with the blind
And blundering race, the game create for gods, mankind:
Experiment on these, — establish who would yearn
To give up life for her, who, other-minded, spurn
The best her eyes could smile, — make half the world sublime
And half absurd, for just a phantom all the time!
Meanwhile true Helen's self sat safe and far away,
By a great river-side, beneath a purer day,
With solitude around, tranquillity within;

Was able to lean forth, look, listen, through the din
 And stir; could estimate the worthlessness or worth
 Of Helen who inspired such passion to the earth,
 A phantom all the time."

I cite from Lewis Morris (Helen, in the "Epic of Hades") one passage more, for a detail of Helen's life before her marriage to Menelaos. After assigning to Helen a part in a boy-and-girl love affair, the poet goes on:

"Ah days too fair to last! There came a night
 When I lay longing for my love, and knew
 Sudden the clang of hoofs, the broken doors,
 The clash of swords, the shouts, the groans, the stain
 Of red upon the marble, the fixed gaze
 Of dead and dying eyes,—that was the time
 When first I looked on death,—and when I woke
 From my deep swoon, I felt the night air cool
 Upon my brow, and the cold stars look down
 As swift we galloped o'er the darkling plain;
 And saw the chill sea glimpses slowly wake,
 With arms unknown around me. When the dawn
 Broke swift, we panted on the pathless steeps,
 And so by plain and mountain till we came
 To Athens, where they kept me till I grew
 Fairer with every year, and many wooed
 Heroes and chieftains, but I loved not one."

I call attention to this detail of a forced elopement with Theseus to Athens, prior to her elopement, as Menelaos's wife, with Paris, to Troy. Helen would seem to have been a very run-a-gate young woman.

Was she a young woman at all? The discussion of this question does not in any case involve the denial that the story of the Trojan war was based on some historic conflict between Greece and Asia Minor. Helen's appearance in the Thesean cycle of legends as well as in the Trojan would seem almost of itself to suggest that she was not an individual but an impersonation. It is worth noting that in both cycles she is implicated in an elopement. To the Greeks Helen was at least half-goddess. The story of her birth is wondrous entangled. Her mother, Leda, was embraced on the same night by Zeus, the high-god of the Hellenes, and by her earthly lord, Tyndareos. She subse-

quently bore four children, Castor and Polydeukes, boys, and Helen and Clytaemnestra, girls, each being variously allotted to the two fathers, Helen and the two boys being triplets by Zeus in one account, Helen and Pollux being the semi-divine twins by another.

Let us here tabulate, so far as it is purely Greek, the Helen-myth, according to its *Dramatis Personæ*, and its Dramatic Incidents :

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

- I. *Helena*, daughter of Tyndareos, and wife of Menelaos.
- II. *Tyndareos*, father of Helen.
- III. *Polydeukes* and *Helena*, twins by Zeus.
- IV. *Castor* and *Clytaemnestra*, twins by Tyndareos.
- V. *Menelaos*, the "yellow one", husband of Helen.

DRAMATIC INCIDENTS.

- VI. All the Grecian princes come to the court of Tyndareos to woo Helen.
- VII. Helen deserts her husband.
- VIII. Not the true Helen, but a woman just like her went with Paris, while the true Helen entirely disappeared.
- IX. Helen is recovered by her husband, Menelaos, who goes to her rescue disguised and concealed in the belly of a horse.

If the Helen of this myth was not an actual woman, but a goddess, it may be that we are to seek for her, not in Greece alone, but in the kindred literatures. It is therefore to a myth of great similarity in the Vedas, to which I will invite your attention, but first, a few words on the methods of linguistic comparison.

Students of Latin and Greek must of course have noticed all along, as the Romans themselves noticed, the identity of many of their words, for example the names of relationship, say, *mater*, "mother", and the numerals, say, Greek *deka*, Latin *decem*, "ten" ; but the impetus to such comparisons came from the exploitation of Sanskrit through the labors of Sir William Jones and others of the English officials concerned with the management of India about the close of the last century. Sanskrit was the language out of which the modern Hindu idioms sprang, to which they are related as the Romance languages are to Latin. Further Sanskrit, like Latin, was the sacred lan-

guage, still in vogue with the Brahmin priests, who had received it *viva voce* in learning their ancient sacred texts by heart. In Sanskrit also such verbal correspondences were observed, thus, *mātar* "mother", and *daca*, "ten". These correspondences were not confined to the names of relationship and to the numerals, but extended in general to words of every sort. Sir William Jones announced, as long ago as 1786, the inevitable conclusion, that Sanskrit, Greek and Latin were cognate languages, proceeding from some common source, a source perhaps no longer extant. This announcement was but the infant's cry at the birth of a new science, the "Comparative Philology of the Indo-European Tongues," which I call, for myself, "Aryan Linguistics."

With such purely empirical observations as those just described linguistic science in our modern sense may be said to have begun. All was guessing at first, wild or sober, according to the temperament of the guesser. The field was a good one for shrewdness, for imagination, and the best was merely subjective, the test of probability. Franz Bopp, who was the founder of the science, as Jones was its projector, was not satisfied to point out the bare cognation of words, but sought to resolve words into their elements. Thus in Greek *didōmi* = Sanskrit *dadāmi* "I give", he did not stop short with recognizing *mi* as a first person ending, but went on, by comparing it with the accusative *me*, "me" of the first person pronoun, to see in it a veritable pronoun merged into the flexion of the verb by agglutination. In a like manner he sought to explain all the person endings of the verb, and so be in, as it were, at the birth of flexion. It seemed possible in this way to reduce all words to complexes of sensible parts, and so dissect out a skelton common to the entire kindred group. There was promise of help here in the art of acquiring languages, but this fond dream was delusive. It is said that the young German scholars of this period when the enthusiasm for Comparative Linguistics was at its height, proved, after they had found their way to

teaching posts in the gymnasia, deficient in the microscopic lore elaborated for centuries previous by the literary-historical philologists.

Of the random guesses of this initial period of great enthusiasm a certain number met universal acceptance. Some of the cognations recognized left no ground for reasonable doubt, and were elevated to the rank of facts. Some two decades ago a group of younger scholars, now yclept "young grammarians", adopted a program of greater strictness for linguistic studies. They pitched overboard all such speculations as that mentioned of Bopp's, viz: the identification of the first person ending of a verb with the first person pronoun, and labelled them with the epithet glottogonic. The inferences from incontestible etymologies could enable us, they said, to reconstruct the primitive parent speech at the time of its breaking up; but did not warrant any guesses for a still more primitive time. Their cardinal principle, however, was that a sound-change attested by perfectly certain etymologies was invariable, in other words, that the phonetic laws were inviolable.

Let us ask ourselves what a phonetic law is. In a comparison of words such as Sanskrit *mātar*, Latin and Doric Greek *māter*, "mother", each sound is regarded as a unit; thus four separate phonetic laws tell us that in these three languages *m ā t r* are not liable to change, but in *mēter* of Attic-Ionic Greek *ā* becomes *ē*, each of these laws being without exception; the fifth law is that Sanskrit *ā* equals Latin-Greek *ē*, and this *ē*, on grounds too minute to give here, is assigned to the parent speech, for which the conventional writing *māter* has been devised.

The gain to linguistics from the strict observance of the principles of sound change observed in incontestably kindred words has been great. I cite for example the equation of Greek *PARTHEN-os*, "girl", with Latin *VIRGIN-is* "of a girl." Here by the strictest construction of the phonetic laws all of the sounds in the stem of these words are absolutely identical, barring the second letters *a* and *i*. The difference

in these two letters is susceptible to more than one explanation, but simplest for our purpose is to say that *virgo*, "girl", has been associated in the Roman mind with *vir*, "man". Here we have reached a check on the principle of the Invariability of Phonetic Law, which we may formulate by saying that normal phonetic change may be deflected by analogical association. On these two principles, according to the strictest school of inquirers, hang all the law and the prophets of the law. Accordingly on every inquirer is laid the task of substantiating any new doctrine as not in conflict with phonetic law, or else to give a good analogical reason for such a conflict. Before leaving our example, I call attention to the fact that no mere guessing could have brought us on the one hand the equation of *parthen* with *virgin*, while, on the other hand, the most rigid construction of the phonetic laws compels the separation of words of great apparent likeness, e. g., of Greek *theos* and Latin *deus*, "god", which are to the eye very similar.

These simple examples will show what is meant by the Invariability of Phonetic Law.

To the general reader, however, the methods and processes of linguistics cannot be expected to be interesting. He may feel some sympathy with the results. It is obvious that, if all the descendants of the parent-speech possess common names of relationships, extending beyond the immediate family to the relations by marriage, that these names existed in the parent-speech, and that the organization of the family must have been perfected in the parent-tribe. The common numerals tell us that our savage ancestors could count at least as far as nine hundred and ninety-nine. Just so we are able to gather what minerals the parent-tribe employed, what plants they knew the properties of, what animals they had domesticated. From these and like details we may outline for ourselves a picture of the primitive state of civilization. The processes employed in limning this picture are just those practiced by the geologists in building up from single fossil bones entire skeletons

of animals long since perished. In these aspects linguistic science has been called Linguistic Paleontology.

Further the results gained in this way join hand in hand with the finds of the antiquarian ethnologist who applies pick and shovel to grubbing into the remains of the pile-houses constructed ages ago in Switzerland, and of the kitchen-middens of Norway: thus by the grubbing for fossil-roots of savage words, and for fossil-pots of savage cooks, we may brew a magic pottage that gives us retrospective glimpses and visions of the state of primitive culture.

In an inquiry into the primitive civilization of course the question of the *religious* notions of that period presses upon our attention. In the early stages of linguistics there was great enthusiasm in this field. The supreme god of Greece, *Zeus*, was compared with a minor god of the Vedas, *Dyāus*; this comparison was all the more convincing because the epithet "father" was nearly associated with each of them. Thus Latin *Ju-piter*, in the poets, *Diespiter*, was brought into the chain with *Zeuspater* and *Dyāuspitar*. While Zeus and Jupiter were the lightning-wielders, *Dyāus* was often only a common noun meaning "sky". This observation sent a flash of light about the nature of the god; we could understand how Horace's hunter could remain *sub Jove frigido*, if this meant "under the chill sky". It became clear that the high god of the Greeks and Romans was the Sky, more and more personified till his primitive nature was lost to sight, and only the anthropomorphic personation remained.

It was a great gain to investigation to reach a reasonable certainty that the head of the Olympic pantheon was but the elevation of a natural phenomenon to personality. Here mythological science had a firm basis to build upon.

The effort was of course made long ago to correlate the Homeric and Vedic myths. The battles around Troy were compared with the Vedic storm-myth, where Indra, the thunderer, is ever battling against a serpent creature, *Ahi-Vritra*, whose fortress is in the threatening clouds that rain

not, for that the serpent has bound them up till Indra pierces them through and through with his thunderbolts. The serpent's stronghold was called *Vilu*, which was compared with (*V*)*Ilium*; the stronghold was mighty (*dridha*), and with this *Dardania* was connected. Indra as the slayer of Vritra, i. e., *Vritrahan*, was brilliantly correlated with Bellerophon, a Grecian slayer of dragons. None of these comparisons, however, precisely fadges with the phonetic laws, and so they have been given up by the linguisticians.

The mythologists have worked on with the problem, functionally identifying Greek and Vedic divinities. One of the clearest cases of functional identity exists between the Greek twins, the Dioskouroi, Castor, the horseman, and Pollux, the boxer, and the Vedic "horsemen", the Acvins, twins also with no individual names in the Veda. Here no identity of names has yet been pointed out, though all are agreed as to the functional correspondence of these twin deities.

Considering the large amount of common vocabulary showed by Greek and Sanskrit, the instances are suprisingly scanty where there is a correspondence in the names of divinities. With linguistic students general likenesses in function do not count, identity in name and marked similarity in detail are wanted. Thus it happens that only a few divinities are recognized as common to the Greeks and Hindus. Besides the case of Jupiter already discussed, Roman mythology offers scarcely any other save that of the dawn goddess, *Aurora*, with Homeric *Hēōs* and Vedic *Usas*. Here the phonetic conditions, though satisfactory to the technical linguisticians, probably do not appeal to the popular ear or eye. In Greek mythology, Hermes, the messenger of the gods, corresponds with the Vedic goddess *Saramā*, who was sent by Indra after his stolen cows, the clouds. It will be remembered that Hermes was himself renowned for having stolen the cows of Apollo. Here, though there is a complete inversion of rôles, yet the dramatic *motif* of the stealing of the cows is the same. Of less per-

fect phonetic correspondence, but still highly plausible, is the comparison of the dog *Kerberos*, who was guardian at the gate of Hades, with the Vedic *Cabala*, one of two such guardians of the Hindu realm of the dead. It may be noted that *Çabala* was also called *Sārameya*, son of *Saramā*, and it is with this patronymic that the full Greek form *Hermeias* phonetically corresponds. As conductor of the dead to Hades we can see how *Hermeias* functionally corresponds with *Sārameya*, as well as with *Saramā*.

Another valuable contribution from Sanskrit to Greek mythology has been in the explanation of Prometheus, the bringer down of fire from heaven to mankind. Among the Hindus fire was made friction-wise by drilling a hard stick rapidly around in the orifice of a pithy stick. This act was described by the verb *manthati*, "he churns", and in classical Sanskrit *pramantha* is the name of the "churning-stick". Prometheus is declared to be the personified "churning-stick", and though I find for myself some phonetic difficulties in the way, this seems to me highly plausible.

With so much by way of preliminary explanation I turn to my task of pointing out the Helen-myth in India. The Vedic form of it will be found to show not only very marked correspondences in details, but also strong similarity in names. I will first lay before my readers the story of *Saranyū*, so far as it is told us in the Rig Veda, with some added details from the subsequent literature. I shall present the material in the words of Professor Lanman, of Harvard, making excerpts from his Sanskrit Reader (Notes, p. 381), and in the words of Professor Bloomfield, of Johns Hopkins, citing from an essay of his on *Saranyū* in the *Journal of the American Oriental Society* (Vol. xv., pp. 172, sq.).

All that the Rig Veda offers us is two stanzas standing at the beginning of a funeral hymn (R. V. x. 17). One may be tempted to deny to these verses all right to a place in their hymn, but the feeling for unity in the Vedic bards was easily satisfied: the mention of *Yama*, the Pluto who

ruled over the Vedic abode of the dead, was ample justification for incorporating the story of his parentage into a funeral hymn. It is safe to say that but for these two Vedic stanzas, the story of *Saranyū* would never have been registered in Sanskrit literature. Thus it seems almost a blind accident that we have any mention whatever of the Vedic Helen. Professor Lanman's translation of the stanzas is as follows:

“‘Tvastar's making a wedding for his daughter’—
At this news all the world here comes together,
Yama's mother, during her wedding,
The wife of mighty Vivasvat, vanished.

They hid away the immortal from mortals,
Making a like one they gave her to Vivasvat.
And she bare the two Aṣvins when that happened,
And left two pairs behind her—*Saranyū*.”

He goes on to comment: “‘A braw story but unco short’”. The actual text is tantalizingly fragmentary. We can hardly hope to recover the legend with any satisfactory completeness. Yāska [an early Vedic lexicographer and commentator] gives it thus:

“Tvastar's daughter, *Saranyū*, bare twins (Yama and Yami) to Vivasvat. She foisted upon him another female of the same appearance, and, taking on the form of a mare, fled forth. Vivasvat took on the form of a horse, followed her, and coupled with her. From that were born the two Aṣvins or ‘Horsemen’”.

The story is told with a little more detail in Čānnaka, a later Sanskrit writer. Here I extract from Professor Bloomfield's essay the following:

Tvastar had twin children, *Saranyū* and *Triṣiras*. He of his own accord gave *Saranyū* in marriage to Vivasvat. Then *Saranyū* bare to Vivasvat Yama and Yami. These two were also twins. Without the knowledge of her husband she created a woman like herself, foisted her twin children upon her, and, turning herself into a mare, fled. . . . [*Vivasvat*], discovering that the real *Saranyū* had gone away, quickly followed the daughter of *Tvastar*, having assumed the form of a horse with qualities corresponding to hers. . . . From this act sprang the two *Kumāras* . . . who are known as ‘horsemen.’”

Professor Bloomfield has explained the original passage

in Rig Veda as being of a riddling sort, a sort of theological quizz, in which well-known details are set forth in the form of questions, until the name Saranyū at the end flashes back the answer to all the implied questions. The stories in Čānnaka and Yāska really add nothing, they but explain the suppressed subjects of one or two verbs.

Before putting this material in tabular form a few words must first be spoken as to the marriage of Saranyū. This may after all have been a wedding-pageant in which the bride was to choose her husband after a sort of tourney in which the suitors must exhibit their prowess. In this case it was the suitors to whom allusion is made in the phrase "all the world comes together." We know that this sort of marriage was a Hindu institution. It was after such a tourney, or self-choice (*Svayamara*) ceremonial, that Princess Damayanti espoused Nala in the great Hindu epic. Just such tourneys were also in vogue in Greece. Thus it is recorded that Penelope, who was cousin to Helen, was so thronged by suitors that her father, Icarius, instituted a contest among them in which Ulysses won the palm and the bride by his success in racing.

Here let us look into the details of the myth of Saranyū :

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

- I. *Saranyū*, daughter of Tvastar and wife of Vivasvat.
- II. *Tvastar*, her father.
- III. The *Açvins*, her twin sons, the "horsemen."
- IV. *Tama* and *Tami*, another pair of twins.
- V. *Vivasvat*, "the shining one", her husband.

DRAMATIC INCIDENTS.

- VI. Tvastar makes a great wedding-pageant for his daughter, to which "all the world came", possibly as her suitors.
- VII. Saranyū deserts her husband, taking on her the form of a mare.
- VIII. The gods made a woman just like her to take her place with her husband.
- IX. The husband recovered her by taking upon himself the guise of a horse.

The reader will of course observe that the two myths have been symmetrically arranged in their tabulated forms. He will, I believe, be bound to agree that the two stories

present some marked similarities of detail. I observe that the agreement in the names gives in the first place strong ground for the conviction of the identity of the two myths. All the names, to be sure, do not correspond. In the discussion that follows touching each of the nine heads under which the myths have been arranged, the phonetic identity of the names will be shown by the use of small capitals, where the reader will understand that the strictest possible adherence to the phonetic laws is rendered, while the use of italics will show that the phonetic relations, though abnormal, are susceptible of a palliating explanation.

I. SARAN-yū = HELEN-ā. In these names only the suffixes are different, a difference not more marked than in *Aurora* beside Greek *Hēōs*.

II. TVA[s]tAR = TUNdAR-eos. It will be seen that the Greek name has an additional suffix.

III. The Acvins have in the Rig Veda no fixed individual names. One of the epithets that preëminently belongs to them is *Purudans-as-ā*. The kinship of this with the Greek name of Pollux is shown in the following equation: PURUDANS-ASĀ = POLUDEUK-ES.

It may be noted that the final *ā* of the Sanskrit word is a mere case ending, and thus the identity of the two words is complete in eight out of ten of its sounds, with at least a half-identity in the ninth — say 85 % strong.

III and IV. Very significant in both myths is the rôle of twins. The corresponding pairs are Castor and Pollux for the Greek and the Acvins for the Vedic myth. The fact that in one case they are brothers, and in the other case sons of the heroine makes no difference so far as the *motif* is concerned. This reversal of rôles is not different in any way from the reversal noticed already in the Hermes myth. Both myths have two pairs of twins, to say nothing of Saranyū being herself one of a pair, with a brother *Triçiras*, "Three-head." We may see here how, in the Greek myth, Helen may have come to be one with three others in a quartet.

V. The name Menelaos is in no wise related to Vivasvat, so far as I can see. Menelaos has however an epithet, *Xanthus*, of which, among the Greeks, he is the well-nigh exclusive possessor, for, in thirty-four cases, it is applied to him thirty-one times. Now *Xanthus* means "shining", which is the precise signification of Vivasvat. Thus, while the names of the two husbands do not agree, their description does agree perfectly as to one marked characteristic.

VI. Both Saranyū and Helen were married after a great wedding-pageant, instituted for the former by her father, certainly, and probably instituted by Tyndareos for Helen if we may judge by the parallel case of Penelope and Icarius mentioned above.

VII. Both women desert their husbands; as to Helen only are we told that it was for a lover. Helen seems indeed to be typical of much marrying; witness her carrying off by Theseus.

VIII. The gods created a double for each of the eloping wives, foisted in Saranyū's case upon her husband, and in Helen's upon her lover. Here again the *motif* is identical, spite of the change of rôles.

IX. The recovery of Saranyū, who had taken the form of a horse, was effected by her husband's also taking that guise. In the Grecian story the personification is too far advanced for such a metamorphosis, but the identical *motif* recurs where Menelaos gets into Troy to recover Helen, his wife, disguised in the belly of a horse. As a stratagem of real war the wooden horse was of course a flat impossibility. I seem to myself to be able to interpret it sensibly now for the first time when I see in the wooden horse an anthropomorphic device taking the place of an earlier metamorphosis in which a horse was the transformation guise of a demigod.

So much for a presentation of the evidence. The reader will see for himself that the two myths show a remarkable coincidence in the names of their *dramatis personæ* as well

as in extraordinary dramatic incidents. The coincidence in names points most probably to a common origin of the myths in the primitive Aryan period, or at any rate prior to the separation of the Hellenic and Indo-Iranic families.

It remains for us to speak of the interpretation of the myth into terms of natural phenomena. Saranyū has been explained as the Dawn, as the Fleet-Night, as the Storm-Cloud, while the Acvins are declared to be the Morning-Twilight-Twins. On etymological grounds I incline to the identification of Saranyū with the Storm-Cloud, though I define her more narrowly as "Lightning," while in the Acvins I see Thunder-and-Lightning.

One point is, however, always to be borne in mind: before the crystallization of our myth into its present form Helen-Saranyū had been brought down to earth. This is shown by the mode of her marriage, where the anthropomorphosis is complete. So, we can make no conclusive inferences from the details of the myth back to its origin. In this connection I would cite an able passage from Professor Bloomfield's essay:

"It is a prime need of mythological investigation, and one which has certainly been neglected in the past, to draw a sharp line of demarcation between the primary attributes of a mythological personage which furnish the causes of the personification, and the attributes and events which are assigned, or are supposed to happen after the anthropomorphosis has been completed. He who would search for the primary qualities of the Greek Zeus, as explained e.g. in the formula *sub Iove frigido*, in every action and attribute of the Homeric Zeus necessarily errs; his error is likely to be as great at some points as is his who would look for naturalistic events and physical phenomena in the actions of the Hellenic gods in a play of Euripides, where the gods are afflicted with all the passions and weaknesses of mortal men."

To the student of culture far and away more important than the identification of Saranyū with some natural phenomenon is the proof furnished by the comparison of our two myths that our primitive Aryan ancestors while still in their savage state had, at least for women of rank in a patriarchy, a form of "self-choice" marriage.

But it is in none of these pragmatistical aspects that Helen

is eternal. Is it not because of the sub-conscious pantheism in all poetry, our latent feeling of the God-in-us? The chivalry of a few centuries ago turned woman into a goddess, as we half suspect, with a touch of sub-conscious cynicism; for did not Launcelot debauch Guinevere? But the knights of Agamemnon's Table Round had wooed a goddess turned woman, and when she was seduced, avenged her on the seducer and his folk. Now, why do we pardon Helen who spare not Guinevere? Maybe, our Aryan blood, Aryan still in spite of time, sees in our Helen, stripped of all allegory, some Aurora of the Night, some Lightning-Flash out of the blackness of the storm, "Divinely tall, and most divinely fair."

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GOETHE'S MEPHISTOPHELES.

Among the countless commentators of Goethe, Keene Fischer stands out conspicuous for lucidity and sobriety. The present writer, for one, gladly acknowledges his indebtedness to the celebrated professor in the University of Heidelberg. Yet an independent study of "Faust" has compelled me occasionally to differ even with so reliable a guide.

It is Fischer's unquestioned merit to have unraveled more deftly than any one else the relations between the earliest written scenes of "Faust" and the later version in which those scenes are now imbedded. After finishing his book on the great poem, no one would ever think of contesting that Goethe's original intention was to make Mephistopheles, not exactly the very prince of Hell, but a demon, given Faust for a companion by the Earth-Spirit whom he conjures in one of the first scenes of the drama proper. While, on the other hand, it remains equally well established that the prologue in Heaven, with its contract, or agreement, between the Lord and Mephistopheles, was an afterthought, conceived twenty-five years later.

This much, I say, Fischer makes patent, but he appears to me to insist far too much on the breach, or inconsistency, which this deviation from the original plan has caused in the moulding of the character of Mephistopheles, with whom these pages will be particularly concerned.

According to Goethe's first scheme, Mephistopheles was to hurry Faust through a series of sensual pleasures, causing him to lose all self-control, while never obtaining any real satisfaction. This much we know from Mephistopheles' own words, as found in his monologue when sitting in Faust's arm-chair, waiting for one of his students. He says expressly: "In vain shall he [Faust] beg for relief and refreshment".

It is not quite clear how at the time Goethe planned to

wind up the drama. He may have meant to show how at the end of a life of uninterrupted sensual indulgence, the mind must needs be worn out and filled with irredeemable despair, thus fit for naught but destruction. Howbeit, when late in the nineties of the last century, Goethe resumed work on Faust, he did it with the avowed purpose of having his hero saved at the end of the drama. Among the sundry innovations caused by this decision was the introduction of the bet that Faust makes with Mephistopheles: "Procure me all the pleasures of life", says the scholar who is weary of his books, "give me wealth, love, high rank! . . . I believe myself that none of these things will ever engross me entirely, filling and absorbing my whole being so as to give me absolute content. If, nevertheless, such should ever be the case — if, some day, in a trance of enjoyment, I entreat, the fleeting moment to linger with me — then you may throw me in fetters, then I shall willingly perish"!

On the face of it, the discrepancy between the tasks allotted to Mephistopheles respectively in the old and the new form of the poem, seems enormous. Here it is in his interest to make Faust gain a moment of unalloyed and perfect enjoyment. Here he is to plunge Faust into a whirlpool of excitement, only to call forth in him hankerings ever burning, ever unstilled. This certainly looks as divergent as may be, yet with but a little labor we shall find it possible to bring the two lines quite near each other. In both cases the efforts of Mephistopheles must be directed toward causing Faust to forget any aim beyond that of self-indulgence. In both instances he must use his wit to obscure and ridicule every higher aspiration. According to the new plan Faust's moral self is to be drowned in worldly pleasure, while the old one demanded that by the same means it be worn out. Thus the difference is not so important as would seem at first sight, and, in good truth, as far as Mephistopheles is concerned, there is hardly any difference at all. It is true that in those portions of the old drama which now form part of the new, he occasionally seems to reveal a

deeper perception, a truer one indeed of life and its forces than generally voiced by him. Thus in the prologue which was written over twenty-five years after much that follows, he avers that reason serves only to make man more beastly than the dumb beasts, while in a monologue that belongs in the earliest sketch of the drama, he styles "reason and science" man's highest powers. Now, beyond a doubt, Fischer is historically right in assigning these utterances to different periods, but the apparent contradiction in Mephistopheles' two estimates of reason would not of itself warrant this. The statement in the prologue, while false as a general one, is true enough in a number of particular instances: reason may indeed be used — or abused — to debase man below the level of brutes. One need not be a devil, not even an earth-demon, to recollect sundry cases in point. The same devil that here mocks at human reason may be very well aware indeed that reason and science, when properly employed, will prove "man's highest powers".

Even in Goethe's first conception of his character, Mephistopheles is represented as "a mocking product of dirt and fire"; already there his talk has all the flippant inconsistency of professional scoffing. It probably never occurred to Goethe that by introducing the bet, he would change the characters of his *dramatis personæ*. The bet to him was but a happy expedient for which he had for years been groping, whereby unity and a fit solution might be imparted to his great work. Let it at once be said, that while the solution is good enough, the unity, that is the artistic unity, is not all that might be desired. It is true that numerous scenes, taken singly, are marvels of artistic finish — all those in which Marguerite appears, the larger part of the Helen-episode, and that brightest gem in Goethe's entire production, the fifth act of the second part. But viewed as a whole the work is disproportionate and ill-balanced, with ample sections badly in need of pruning — as the wearisome masked ball in the second part, and the Homunculus-episode. One is reminded of those castles seen quite fre-

quently in Europe, where a renaissance wing is added to a Gothic mansion, while rococo pavilions flank a portico in pure Grecian style. Yet there is a difference, and a most important one: Despite the bewildering society of style and treatment, we are able to descry throughout Faust one and the same individuality—the poet's individuality. And it so happens that Mephistopheles suffers far less in point of interest than Faust himself from being dragged through the weaker scenes.

Something he does suffer. What he has to say during the masquerade is not strikingly witty, and in the fourth act of the second part he is little more than a successful juggler, not even as amusing, at that, as Mr. Hermann or Mr. Kellar. But in the greater number of scenes in which he takes part, he is a most entertaining scamp, and yet the most dangerous devil ever created by the imagination of man.

Perhaps an explanation had better be given of what is meant by these words: the most dangerous devil. The devil as represented in medieval legend and poetry, is nothing but a gigantic bogie-man, an epitome, so to speak, of all that is fear-inspiring to a childlike imagination. Even Dante's Lucifer comes under this definition. What is he as he sits there in the ice, chewing everlastingly three arch-sinners with his three mouths—what is he but a picture that may frighten you if you happen to believe implicitly in Dante's celestial and infernal ethnography, but fails lamentably of its purpose if you have no such faith. It is the same with the devils in the old legendary lore, especially the "Lives of the Saints." Nothing strikes the reader of a greater number of these productions more than the sameness of the temptations they record. Satan invariably lets loose upon the holy men a woman in scanty costume, or hurls himself against them in the shape of a big black dog, or a most ferocious lion. Briefly stated the medieval tempter is never an intellectual tempter—he is either a bully or a lewd clown, and soon becomes an intolerable bore to those compelled to read of his antics. With the Reformation more

life is infused into him. The devil of whom Luther tells us, who used to whisper into his ear that all his teaching was wrong, was assuredly not devoid of ingenuity. And nothing could more tellingly illustrate the radical divergence of Luther's views from those of the Catholic Church, than the reformer's declaration that it was his wont to silence these perplexing insinuations by emptying a good bumper of wine.

Luther, however, has no sympathy with his devil. But a step further we fall in with Milton who, involuntarily maybe, could not help investing Lucifer with his own unbending defiance, and generally speaking made of him the only interesting character in his epic. After Milton, all Satans in good literature, with but one exception, are possessed of a certain awful grandeur—I shall here recall but one, Byron's Lucifer.

The one exception is Mephistopheles. While Goethe allowed him to retain all the cunning which had fallen to his lot since the days of Luther, he deprived him of every trace of majesty. The quality that makes him entertaining without enlisting our sympathies for him—his dialectical skill, or sarcasm—is used only to debase, detract, and bismirch. Yet this is precisely what makes him far more dangerous than Milton's gloomy and dignified rebel could ever be. For mark it well: Mephistopheles never tells a downright lie. On the contrary, what he says is always true. Partly true—that is, or true just up to a certain point. Perfection is not of this world. Everything has a flaw somewhere, and Mephistopheles with unfailing instinct always contrives to pick the flaw. Yet he is not what is often designated by the term pessimistic. The great modern pessimist, a Leopardi, or an Ibsen, is a man who to all objects applies his own standard of uncompromising idealism, and of a necessity finding everything wanting when thus measured, turns away in scornful bitterness. Mephistopheles is anything but disgusted, or bitter: the uglier the more enjoyable, is his motto; to distort and begrime what he comes across, is his

sole delight. Therefore, he is nowhere more at home than in the Witch's Kitchen, or on Blocksberg, the trysting place of all the children of Belial. But if left alone he is capable of turning any place into a Witch's Kitchen or a Blocksberg. And what is worse, if you listen to him too long and too intently you may come to think yourself that all women are witches and all men devils, and that it is great fun that they are so.

Gretchen, with woman's instinct, feels that Mephistopheles is unsafe company. "I hate him from the bottom of my soul," she confides to Faust: "in all my life nothing ever stung my heart so keenly as that man's uncanny face. . . . I would not, could not, live with him. Whenever he comes to the door he looks in with such an air of mockery . . . you see he cares for nothing, it is written on his brow; he cherishes no love for any living soul."

She is right. Love and respect are equally unknown to him. Or, rather, he is constitutionally incapable of experiencing them. Having overheard the tenderhearted girl give vent to her anxiety concerning her lover's heterodox views on religion, he proffers his interpretation. According to him, women imagine that the man, who bows and kneels at the beck of the priest, is likely to obey them as unhesitatingly. Love is about the same emotion as religion; a man immersed in amorous thoughts and mystic dreams is easily led by priests and women. At this Faust waxes indignant: "What a monster must you be," he exclaims, "not to see how this poor girl's affection leads her thus to plead with me, because her faith makes her apprehend danger to the one she loves!" To which Mephistopheles replies by calling Faust a sentimental sensualist, philosopher, and brute at once. Of course he perceives that Faust's appreciation of Gretchen's pious zeal is just then of no practical value, as it will not prevent him from leading her astray. And unfortunately it must be confessed that here he is right again, the sly rascal. He overlooks, however, or rather feigns to overlook, that Faust's words betray the existence

in him of something which, if he could only escape from passion's sway, might be conducive to his salvation.

There is another scene where Mephistopheles is trying to allure Faust to perjure himself — to swear that to his knowledge Martha Schwerdtlein's husband lies buried in Padua. The story is part of a clever scheme by which Faust and Mephistopheles mean to ingratiate themselves with Martha and her young friend Marguerite, or Gretchen. Faust is anxious to win the latter, but hesitates about stooping to the proposed infamy. But Mephistopheles has an answer ready: "Is this the first time", he asks, "that you have borne false witness? Didn't you lecture on God, the world, and all that moves therein; on man, the origin of thought, the intellectual and moral forces, etc., . . . have you not dealt unblushingly in philosophical definitions? Yet if you would but but own the truth, your conscience must needs tell you that of these matters you know no more than of Herr Schwerdtlein's death"!

Of course Mephistopheles is right, in a fashion, and he is still more so when he continues: "Ere two days are past you will swear to this poor child that you love her forever — you will talk of your all-absorbing passion, of the one feeling, felt but once — for but one — for her! *Will this, too, be true*"?

There is one of Mephistopheles' utterances which I am inclined to consider the most truly diabolical of them all, compressing, as it does, the farthest reaching sophistry into five brief words. It may be found in the scene headed "Gloomy Day. A Field", towards the close of the first part. Faust has just learned that Marguerite is in prison for the murder of her child — his child! and he upbraids Mephistopheles for having kept him in ignorance of her misery. What reply does the devil make to his passionate arraignment? Only this: She is not the first!

She is not the first. Simple it sounds, and yet ponder what it suggests, or conceals, as if behind a veil. What enormous crimes have been palliated, what countless wrongs,

glossed over, by words of this tenor: "It isn't the only time", . . . "I am not the first to do so", etc. Try to think it through and you will be forced to admit that it was simply impossible for Satan to find a plea likelier to quiet Faust's scruples than those five words: She is not the first.

But let us observe the infernal cavalier when his wit scintillates in brighter hues: there is his meeting with Frau Martha Schwerdtlein — I have already alluded to her; her husband has been gone for years — he is with the German army in Italy — and Mephistopheles at once sets out to persuade her that she is a widow, free to let herself be coveted by whomsoever she pleases. He plays with the poor, giddy woman as a cat with a mouse. "Your husband is buried at Padua", he informs her; "he rests in consecrated ground. When dying he made it his last request that you would have three hundred masses said for his soul"!

This provokes Martha. "What! Didn't he leave me as much as a coin, some trinket to soothe my grief? The paltriest artisan would have done that much"!

"Well", Mephistopheles says, "he certainly ought to have shown better appreciation of your qualities — you seem such a sweet person . . . might so easily get married again . . . however on his death-bed he repented . . . I stood by his side . . . [here I imagine I can see Mephistopheles clasp Martha's right hand between both of his] . . . he died like a true Christian — settled his account with Heaven . . . there is a trifle due at the wineshop yet, though! . . . Alas! — these were his last words: 'I did not treat my wife right! I might die in peace if only she would forgive me'"!

This strikes a sentimental chord in the old woman's soul. "The poor man! I forgave him long ago!" But when Mephistopheles goes on to tell her that Herr Schwerdtlein added, "It was all her fault, however, as true as I am here" . . . she flies into a rage: "What! did he say that with one foot in the grave? The liar! So he told you I was to blame for it, eh"? "Indeed he did", Mephistopheles as-

serts, "but at the present moment I have no doubt that he lied. One glance upon your countenance settles that!"

And he continues dinning into her ears all sorts of accusations which her husband is alleged to have uttered against her. He has just succeeded in working her up into the state of mind of a long-tortured turkey, when all of a sudden he goes off on another tack, relating a wonderful tale of a rich vessel her husband once assisted in capturing. Martha's greed is aroused; in her bosom is kindled a hope that, after all, he may have left her part of the booty, but Mephistopheles again quenches her enthusiasm by letting it out that Schwerdtlein squandered the money with a loose woman, at Naples. The scene should be read in its entirety. For genuine humor it is not surpassed by anything in *Faust*, although others are equal to it, such as the dialogue between the student and Mephistopheles, who, decked out in *Faust's* professional trappings, gives the young fellow advice as to which profession he ought to choose. Or those inimitable bits of fashionable conversation indulged in by the ladies and cavaliers while witnessing the pantomimic performance of the story of Paris and Helen.

Personally I confess to a preference for Mephistopheles as he disports himself in the second part, especially in the "Classical Walpurgis-Night" and in the last act. He doesn't wish to go to Greece. It has always been his opinion that those Greeks were quite a worthless lot, and what he sees in Hellas only confirms his antipathy. Roaming over the Pharsalian fields, which for the occasion have become peopled with all sorts of Grecian forms and phantoms, the German devil is scandalized at what he sees. To begin with, he has a profound dislike of the nude. My readers probably remember the empress Livia's answer to her attendants when they wished to arrest some men who, in order to insult her, had thrust themselves in her way, perfectly naked. "Leave them alone!" she said; "to an honest woman those men are but statues."

To Mephistopheles and his ilk — and his ilk is a very

numerous one and still with us — statues are but naked men and women. "What a horrible crowd!" he cries, "and most of them naked! only here and there a rag on! hem! . . . I admit that we [he means Gothic folks] have lots of dirty thoughts in our hearts, but this here is too open, too full of life!"

Surrounded though he is by those more or less monstrous beings which the Greek mythology borrowed from coarse races, he is unable to become familiar even with them. The Sphinx awes him, the Lamiae arouse his suspicion. It is not until he falls in with the Empusa that he begins to feel himself as if among kindred. The Empusa, be it remembered, had an ass's foot, and as she herself remarks, the devil's horse's shank is evidence of some relationship between them. This he gladly acknowledges, quite proud of being recognized even though traveling incognito. But he is still far from contented. He sniffs around, and not one whiff of fir tickles his nostrils: it is all oak here, he complains, not the slightest trace of pine or pitch, like at home. "And I who am so fond of pitch! I love it next to brimstone. It is a puzzle to me with what the people here light their hell-fire, and torture the inmates."

At length he runs up against the Phorkyades — probably the loathsome spooks in ancient Greek lore — three women of surpassing ugliness, with only one eye and one tooth between them. Their grotesque hideousness appeals to Mephistopheles: here is something akin to the horrors with which medieval imagination peopled hell, though he contends that even there was nothing quite as appalling. He bows to them and begins to shower flattery upon them. Needless to say that the old girls who for thousands of years have been shut up in desolate darkness, are immensely tickled. One of them asks the other for the eye, fixes it in the socket, and engages in conversation with the polished stranger. He tells them they ought to have their likeness carved in marble, and the one who does the talking admits there is something in that . . . only they have never

thought of it before . . . living so secluded, you know. . . . More compliments from Mephistopheles . . . the Phorkyades scream with delight, while modestly claiming that he does go too far: "Stop, for mercy's sake, stop"!

But Mephistopheles has gained his point: all along he has felt the necessity of disguising himself in this inhospitable land, and the form of a Phorkyas strikes him as the most appropriate outfit. He therefore begs them to lend him one of their shapes, including the eye and the tooth. They consent in regard to the shape, but to part with their solitary eye and tooth seems too cruel a sacrifice even for the sake of the gallant traveler, so they teach him how to close one eye and let one tooth protrude, whereupon he leaves them happy in their generous knowledge that there is one more being in the world as beautiful as they.

This is burlesque, but as good burlesque as any written by Lucian of Samosata or Parny, and it is refreshing to find a man like Goethe not deeming himself above such reckless merriment.

In the next act—the third—Mephistopheles-Phorkyas passes himself off as the old housekeeper, to whom the care of Menelaus's palace has been entrusted in the absence of the king and queen. He upbraids Helen's maids who just return with their mistress, and for awhile keeps baiting both them and the queen, whose past, as sufficiently known, does not bear too searching an inquiry. Undeniably, though, Mephistopheles is of but small import throughout the act, and it was Goethe's intention that it should be so. The Helen-episode, as everybody has been told, signifies the union of German and Grecian culture, the renaissance of the Gothic races through classical training, the awakening of Faust to a clearer and loftier conception of life by his marriage to the heroine of antiquity. With all of which the devil has nothing to do. He can only stand by, jeering and scoffing. But he bides his time, well aware this thing is not going to last forever, and counting on Faust's return to the old country for the carrying out of his scheme. Ever since the death of Marguerite, Mephistopheles has felt his power

over Faust vanish; very much against his expectations, for he had fancied that everything would come his way when that poor girl was no more — she who along with the mad passion which her beauty aroused in Faust called forth also some of his tenderest and noblest feelings. But my readers have not forgotten Faust's conduct immediately upon her death: instead of rushing into still grosser debauch, as evidently calculated by Mephistopheles, he withdraws into solitude, holds communings with Mother Nature, and returns to life's battle purified and with increased strength.

It is characteristic of Mephistopheles that he understands absolutely nothing of nature and its influence. There is a passage in the beginning of the first part where he acknowledges it may be physically rejuvenating to live in the country but calls it a beastly existence. And when Faust, while climbing the Hartz mountains, chants the praises of the bracing air, his companion somewhat peevishly avers that he feels nothing of the kind. And for this very reason he underrates the change that has been wrought in Faust, and expects at any moment to descry an opportunity of regaining his hold upon him through his coarser self.

Once he imagines it is come. It is in the fourth act, when Faust, on his return from Greece, falls into musings upon what might be done with the tract of land which he is viewing from a high mountain, and that later is actually donated to him by the emperor as a reward for his services. Faust's dream is to people the shore with industrious toilers who will force the threatening sea ever farther away and turn what is now a barren beach into pasture and cornfields. But Mephistopheles suggests that he found a city there, a swarming anthill, as he styles it, over which he shall rule as a king. A king, be it understood, who has his pleasure-palace somewhere in the suburbs, a luxurious nest filled with pretty ladies.

"Please observe," Mephistopheles remarks, "that I say *ladies* — somehow womankind always comes to my mind in the plural number."

But Faust heeds him not. His days of revelry are gone forever. In the following act, the last, which contains the grandest scenes, not only of the second part,¹ but of the entire drama, he is seen well advanced in years, installed as lord of the shore, putting into practice his humanitarian ideas. As little as Mephistopheles is Faust a mere symbol, an empty abstraction. Doubtless his proportions are gigantic, but there is a human heart beating in his breast, and human blood pulsates through his veins. Pulsates, occasionally, with considerable vehemence, too, as manifested when he orders Mephistopheles to remove by force the venerable couple who stubbornly refuse to give up their tiny strip of land which Faust needs for the completion of his plans. It is true that his intention is to have the poor man and woman placed somewhere else in a better house, yet when Mephistopheles and his three ruthless helpers set fire to the hut, and the old people perish, Faust is constrained to acknowledge that he himself is not altogether blameless.

It is done, however, and civilization marches on, here, as elsewhere, over graves. Blind and tottering, though with his mind still unclouded, Faust listens to the clanking of hammers and spades that tells of the great work, the work by which generations to come may be enabled to earn their living, in toil unceasing, but adequately rewarded. Thrilled with supreme joy, Faust anticipates the moment when a free people shall throng this free land: "To such a moment I might say: linger with me, thou art so beautiful!"

Scarcely have the words passed his lips when he sinks back—he is dead. And now what a scene ensues!

In medieval pictures of the day of judgment angels may be seen pulling the saved souls—little human figures—out through the mouths of the dead bodies, while devils are busy performing the same operation upon the damned. Mephis-

¹ It has given great satisfaction to the present writer to find that America's most eminent Goethe-scholar, Prof. Calvin Thomas, of Columbia, N. Y., agrees with him in regarding the long neglected second part very highly.

topheles is now getting ready to imitate them in regard to Faust's soul. He has the written agreement by which Faust promises to be his on the day when he shall declare himself perfectly satisfied with the present moment, and beg it to linger with him. What Mephistopheles is unable to see is, that although according to the letter of the document Faust lost the bet, he won it if its true meaning be considered. For what was this meaning? Why, that Mephistopheles should be at liberty to try and drag Faust down into the mire of mere animal enjoyment or, at least, satiate his purely worldly ambition, thus, if possible, deluding him into a feeling of perfect bliss. If that might be accomplished, Faust should be turned over, hands and feet tied, to the devil. And small wonder, for the divine spark in him would then have been forever extinguished, and Faust depraved beyond any possibility of redemption.

But as a matter of fact, nothing of the kind has come to pass. Even in his passion for Marguerite, Faust was not abandoned by all good spirits, all ideals — he felt it himself, and Mephistopheles realized it with still greater keenness. And after the catastrophe which swallowed up Marguerite, Faust kept struggling upward — rising even higher. His very last words, while apparently delivering him over into the clutches of the devil, in reality put the seal upon the writ, placing him forever beyond the reach of the infernal hosts, for over a man whose entire mind has become imbued with the love of his neighbor, whose every thought is a wish to further the happiness of others — over such a man no devil, no armies of devils, have any power. Let agreements read as they please, let the letter kill — the spirit, the vivifying spirit, will do its work and redeem its own.

It does so. While Mephistopheles is summoning to his assistance all sorts of fiends and hobgoblins, every horror of the medieval hell, devils of the straight, and devils of the crooked horn, fat devils and lean devils, those with claws and those that breathe flames; while the hell-mouth itself yawns on one side of the stage, gushing forth liquid fire

from between its hyena-jaws . . . just then, when Faust's destruction appears inevitable, a heavenly effulgence bursts from above, and numbers of angels are seen to descend. They sing a hymn, and strew roses while floating slowly downward. The devils flee at break-neck speed. In vain does their master exert himself to keep them back. He fumes, he entreats, he scolds, he jibes — all to no end. The taunts which he flings at those "effeminate boys", as he calls the angels, shall not be repeated here. One is tempted to say that none but Satan could have invented them, none but Goethe dared put them upon paper. But there is no denying it, in that scene, and in that alone, does the spite of Mephistopheles swell into proportions that verge on the sublime. Only verge on, though, for with one masterly touch the poet pushes him back, drowning him in ridicule. The angels are so pretty . . . Mephistopheles can't help noticing it . . . in a moment he is burning with lust. He struggles against it, but it overpowers him . . . his billingsgate alternates with flatteries equally foul. In one breath he grins and grinds his teeth, like an infuriated monkey, only a monkey might not be quite so powerless. For powerless he is and remains . . . the angels are right and left, here, there, everywhere. . . . Without heeding him — he might as well not be present at all — they surround Faust and, again rising up into the air, carry with them what of him is immortal. Mephistopheles may scold to his utmost ability — and that he does — he is bound to confess that his game is irretrievably lost.

And thus it stands recorded by the wisest man that ever lived, as the final sum of his unparalleled experience, that wherever there is honest endeavor, conscientious fight, onward and upward, there, even though the devil may succeed in causing occasional slips, in the end he will come out as the beaten devil, the outwitted devil, the fool of a devil!

JOAKIM REINHARD.

THE MAN SHAKESPEARE: HIS GROWTH AS AN ARTIST.¹

It was DeQuincey who said, in his *Britannica* article on Shakespeare, "That he lived, and that he died, and that he was 'a little lower than the angels'; these make up pretty nearly the amount of our undisputed report." It must be added that there have arisen some of late who are disposed to reject even these few elementary propositions. It is worth while, therefore, occasionally to emphasize the personal relation of Shakespeare's work to his life and growth in art, as both Mr. Dowden and Mr. Wendell have done. Professor Dowden follows in his "Introduction" (written originally to serve as such for the "Henry Irving Shakespeare") the lines already mapped out in his well-known "Primer," and the arguments more fully developed in his larger volume on "Shakspeare: His Mind and Art." Professor Wendell has followed along the paths pointed out by Mr. Dowden, and has worked in the same spirit, and yet he gives us sufficiently fresh points of view, and starts up suggestions enough to justify his supplemental statement. Both volumes work together admirably towards the same healthful purpose: they do away with Shakespeare the fetish, and give clearer and more definite conceptions of the man Shakespeare as a literary craftsman.

A delightful little volume not only for the younger, but also for the maturer student of Shakespeare is Mr. Rolfe's "Shakespeare the Boy." It does not so much as enter upon the question as to what we know and what we must infer from the meagre personal records preserved. It treats rather of the annals and traditions of Stratford and War-

¹ *Introduction to Shakespeare*, by Edward Dowden; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1895. *William Shakspeare, A Study in Elizabethan Literature*, by Barrett Wendell; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1894. *Shakespeare the Boy, With Sketches of the Home and School Life, the Games and Sports, the Manners, Customs and Folk-Lore of the Time*, by William J. Rolfe. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1896.

wick and Kenilworth and Coventry — all towns in the poet's native county ; of the home-life and household comforts and discomforts ; of school opportunities and methods ; of games and sports, and of the numerous holidays and festivals — in short, of all the phases of English domestic and social life in the sixteenth century that could interest an alert, wide-awake lad growing up at the time. Since we may find references to these matters scattered throughout the poet's works, not only may we infer that Shakespeare the boy most likely thus knew them, but this method also explains pleasingly the significance of many a passage which might otherwise prove obscure in the author's writings.

We need not wonder that we possess so few records of Shakespeare's outward life in an age when biographical material was very scanty about all the world's great men — something so different from the spirit of our nineteenth century with its insatiable and often impertinent curiosity. What do we really know, apart from the works, of that other great poet at the fountain head of our English letters, genial Dan Chaucer, who is rated next to Shakespeare in his sense of humor and his acquaintance with the wide gamut of the feelings of humanity? How much is lacking and is purely traditional in the personal life of Marlowe, of Massinger, of Webster, and of the other great Elizabethans?

One thing at least we do possess, viz.: the works of Shakespeare — a collection of thirty-seven plays more or less authentic ; two narrative poems, "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece" ; and the series of "Sonnets." These are the documents to be examined and classified and interpreted. These are the witnesses which tell us that in the man Shakespeare and in his work and art all the great forces of the Elizabethan Era were summed up and concentrated. In any other age the production of this man and these works would have been impossible ; in this era Shakespeare becomes the epitome, as it were, of all the historic and economic and social and intellectual vivifying impulses which moved and produced their effect "in the spacious times of great Elizabeth."

The youth Shakespeare came fittingly into this world for this era. Elizabeth had been on the throne six years when he was born; at the time of her death, near forty years later, he was producing, or was preparing to produce, his master tragedies of "Hamlet," "Othello," "Lear," and "Macbeth." His birthplace was "in the heart of England," as a contemporary poet called his native county, Warwickshire. The name of the town Stratford-on-Avon is so compounded to distinguish it from other Stratfords in England, as, for instance, Chaucer's "Stratford atte Bowe" near London. It lies in an ideal poet's land. There are refreshing walks through green meadows and along free-flowing streams. To the north is the Forest of Arden—recalling the idyllic scenes of "As You Like It," even if there the play says France. Henley street, upon which the poet was born, extended toward a village near this forest, Henley-in-Arden. We may remember, too, that Arden was the family name of Shakespeare's mother. About ten miles towards the centre of the county was Warwick Castle, renowned in both history and legend. Warwick had lent its name, at least, to the mythical hero of the Middle Age, Guy of Warwick, the redoubtable slayer of the giant Colbrand. Not much farther away lay Kenilworth, where the Earl of Leicester entertained Queen Elizabeth in festivities described in Scott's novel—festivities and pageants, as is generally received, which allow an interesting interpretation to certain otherwise obscure passages in "A Midsummer-Night's Dream." The lad Shakespeare may have witnessed these preparations when about eleven years of age, certainly must have known of them through the wondrous reports spreading through the neighboring country. Still farther north in the same county, Warwickshire, was Coventry, whence one of the four great collections of mystery and miracle plays, displaying the early forms of the religious drama in England, took its name. And it was about Coventry and Nuneaton—in the opposite end of the county from Shakespeare's home—that the nineteenth century produced that remarkably gifted

woman, George Eliot, whose genius ran not towards dramatic poetry as the vehicle for her "criticism of life," but to psychologic fiction, and thus prepared the way for the powerful analytic and realistic school of modern novelists that now hold such determined sway. This, too, is the part of the country, at Newdigate Hall, Nuneaton, where are still the portraits of Mistress Mary Fitton, who, Mr. Thomas Tyler is persuaded, is the mysterious dark lady of Shakespeare's "Sonnets."

It was country life and Nature's heart which became Shakespeare's earliest and best teachers; then followed the graduate courses in the great university of life in London, in the heart of the scenes of men's activity and passions. We must not imagine the London of that day of the enormous size of the present. And yet, perhaps it was fully as cosmopolitan. There all the nations of the world would meet through the avenues of trade and of state-craft. Many a strange type would be found there, moved by the spirit of adventure or of commerce. In this comparatively small compass elbows touched closely, passions arose mightily, life grew intenser. It was the life of Elizabeth's day coming after generations of restless strife, of civil disorder and of religious horror. It was the life based upon a riper culture and a grander freedom of thought prepared by the twin movements of the New Learning and the Reformation. The Renaissance of letters had to follow.

At what time Shakespeare went up to London is not known. There are traditions of a poaching episode: how he hunted on lands or reservations belonging to others and was arrested therefor. It is likely enough true, from what we know of his active nature and impulsive character. Most boys have chased game on private domains without paying much attention to the sign: "No trespassing allowed." How he was led to the theatre by some happy instinct, after getting to London, we must again leave to conjecture. We are only on safe ground when we examine the work he has left; viz: the plays themselves.

A collected edition of these did not appear until after the poet's death—in fact, not until seven years after, when they were collected and edited by two of his former fellows at the Globe Theatre, John Heming and Henry Condell. Both Heming and Condell had been remembered in Shakespeare's will, when together with Richard Burbadge, the greatest actor of his time, they were left "twenty-six shillings and eight pence a-piece to buy them rings." Heming and Condell repaid thus the debt of friendship by bringing together and editing the poet's "literary remains" as soon after his death as the slow processes then in vogue permitted. The volume contained, besides the dedication and address to the public, tributes in verse from Ben Jonson and other contemporaries. The dedication was directed to two noble patrons and friends of the poet, the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery. This Earl of Pembroke was William Herbert, the son of the Countess of Pembroke—herself the "Sidneys sister, Pembroke's mother" of Ben Jonson's rare epitaph,¹ and the lady for whom the "Arcadia" had been written and to whom dedicated. This same William Herbert, the friend of Shakespeare, is by many supposed to be the "Mr. W. H." mentioned in the dedication of the "Sonnets" as their "onlie begetter." These same Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery also exhibited their public spirit in being prominently connected with other great enterprises of the day: they were members of the well-known "Virginia Company in London," which sent out the early colony which planted Jamestown and first established the English possessions in Virginia and in America. Another name on the list of the incorporators of this Virginia Company was that of the Earl of Southampton, Henry Wriothesley, to whom had been addressed Shakespeare's early narrative poems, "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece," as "the first heir(s) of his invention." There is thus every presumption of Shakespeare's interest in the stirring movements of his day. It is no wonder, therefore, that towards

¹ Or, with more probability, William Browne's.—[Ed.]

the very close of his active career, the reported shipwreck of an expedition sent to the relief of Jamestown, off the dangerous coast of the Bermudas, should have suggested both certain features and the title of his contemplative spiritual masterpiece, "The Tempest." By some odd chance this was placed first in the folio edition, and so serves both as guard and as stumbling block to many an immature reader.

In studying the plays themselves the point of view is determined not only by all outside helps and references obtainable, but by the examination of differences and qualities in style and metre and character. One can observe differences of treatment, of conception, of strength, of growth in art and structure, of delicacy in handling, of the use of metres and rhymes and blank verse and endings — of any and all characteristics which indicate the growth of an artist in thought and expression, just as truly as one can see the skilled mechanic or the skilled musician or any skilled literary craftsman advance from crudities and imperfections, even though marked by genius, towards conscious and perfect mastery. It is by such an analysis that the student of letters feels that in these plays, however diverse, a clear strong mind and hand is present and unmistakable — so clear and unmistakable that it is reasonable even to dissect doubtful plays and to declare them to be only in part from this hand, or to contain old material worked over and re-adapted to the advancing demands of the theatre of the day.

It is from this point of view, therefore, that Mr. Dowden and Mr. Wendell in their volumes trace the character of the work and the growth of the art of the poet from stage to stage and from kind to kind, in order to get nearer to the personality and mind and soul of the man Shakespeare. In this way there is revealed in the poet's work a persistent individuality, and we can distinguish periods wherein work of quite different sorts appealed to the heart and brain of the worker. In this way there seems to be a steady growth from immaturity to conscious mastery; from beginnings of

remarkable talent and undoubted genius, but unequal and crude, to a period seemingly of perfect workmanship, and later to something like a standstill and possibly even a decline, if not in power and wealth, yet certainly in variety and spontaneity and energy. Not that we may say that the precise date and order and relations of each play are always absolutely fixed; yet the criteria are numerous and the conclusions reached are based both upon all the actual evidence attainable and upon the truest psychological grounds and relations in thought.

There were three dramatic forms popular and conventional when Shakespeare came to town, entered the theatrical world and began to try his hand at dramatic writing. There was first, the essentially bloody tragedy, often powerful, but always crude and full of horrors. Second, there was the history play, peculiarly English in its origin, but more archaic than the other kinds, and very much circumscribed in its effort to reproduce past history for didactic purpose and to translate chronicle into suitable dialogue and dramatic form. The third kind, the romantic comedy, which had been the least successful of all up to this time, was rather operatic than dramatic in nature, was mythologic in subject, allegoric in treatment, and frequently effusively complimentary in its personal application to some nobleman or special event. The great master of the first two forms in tragedy and history was Christopher Marlowe, the greatest of all Shakespeare's predecessors. He had the wit to discern the wonderful powers and possibilities of blank verse for dramatic intensity, and rejecting the vehicle of rhyme had introduced this new metrical form in his tragedies of "Tamburlaine," "The Jew of Malta," and "Doctor Faustus," and also in the historical masterpiece up to that period, "Edward II." The leader of the fashion of allegorical comedy, which was a comedy characterized largely by turns upon words and wit combats, was John Lyly, the redoubtable author of that quilt-patch story, "Euphues," and the founder of a new order of prose writing, "Euphuism."

Besides work in dramatic pieces, Lodge and Greene had written stories and had interspersed them with lyrics of rare beauty and grace and had thus added to narrative statement the charm of song. It was natural that the young man Shakespeare, in his first attempts should imitate existing models in each kind: Marlowe in the tragic and the historic; Lyly in the word play of the comic; and Lodge and Greene in the sense of the beauty of lyric measures. Moreover, it was just as natural that the art and genius of the young man had slowly to liberate him from palpable crudities inherited from these models.

The earliest of the plays ascribed to Shakespeare are beyond peradventure "Titus Andronicus" and I "Henry VI." (Parts II. and III. of this latter play belong to a later and slightly more advanced stage of dramatic structure). These first plays have an interest disproportionate to their literary value. They are plays not written in the later Shakespearian spirit, but are told in the manner of his fore-runners, and as is the case with imitations, with their most marked faults exaggerated.

"Titus Andronicus" is an unrelieved story of bloodshed and cruelty and horror. To an unprepared mind it is simply awful—it reeks with blood—and strong tastes must these sixteenth century Englishmen have had to tolerate and accept such pictures. They were the physical as well as the psychical outcome of the long decades of internecine war and religious persecution preceding Elizabeth's reign. Many even doubt that Shakespeare who later shows such rare delicacy in handling disagreeable subjects could possibly, even in the crude period of youth, have written "Titus Andronicus." Like Falstaff, they argue, his "instinct" would have preserved him. Indeed, opinion is very nearly evenly divided on this point, with a possible preponderance in favor of the view that the beginner's early effort would necessarily indicate much lack of taste and judgment, and particularly would follow along lines already accepted by current fashions. The excess of stock classical mythol-

ogy is a definite trait of the conventional play of the time. Besides, there are to be found in the play one or two sensitive descriptions of country scenery and a knowledge of animals and of natural history, which remind sufficiently of later work as, with other evidence, to incline the critics to ascribe at least something in the play to our poet. Enough for our purpose that it represents clearly the pre-Shakespearean spirit in contradistinction to the poet's later artistic development which is yet to take its first distinct step.

Similarly, I "Henry VI." is merely the conventional type of the early history play that preceded Shakespeare, with all its crudity. The play is formed by stringing together episodes not belonging together through any necessity and not governed by any controlling movement. For instance, the Countess of Auvergne's message and intrigue is a clear insertion falling into the commonplace. It belongs nowhere to the movement and is a *motif* similarly used in the Alexander legend and doubtless elsewhere in mediæval letters. No less clear is another insertion: the lyric interview between young John Talbot and his father, where each desires to spare the life of the other and to aid the other to escape—so much like the numerous Damon and Pythias types of legend. Sir John Fastolfe's cowardice in running away from the field of battle was repeated later in Sir John Falstaff—but with what different effect! Joan of Arc (though suggesting many points to Schiller) is wretchedly and infamously represented—she, who has since been portrayed so sympathetically in English literature by a writer of the Romantic age, Thomas DeQuincey. The earlier English traditions on the subject are evidently followed: Joan is in league with the infernal powers of darkness to whom she has surrendered both body and soul. The figure of bold Talbot is drawn out in special length, after Marlowe's manner of making an heroic central figure the protagonist of the action. Marlowe is clearly the model, if not the co-worker, as some suppose. Can it be that this was an old play, which, according to a frequent custom, the begin-

ner Shakespeare essayed to work over for better representation by his theatrical company. If so, it is agreed that there are two scenes superior to the rest, which reveal the future poet. The highly poetic scene of the plucking of the red and white roses in the Temple Garden on the banks of the Thames, as signs of the contending houses of Lancaster and York, and the wooing scene between Margaret and Suffolk—for who can so portray the speech of love between man and woman as our dramatist?—are the ones thus singled out.

This wooing scene is not derived from history, but is a fiction of the poet, and upon this a large part of Part II. turns. It is as if the scene were purposely inserted into an older form of the play where Talbot's glory was the chief subject, and the undue saintliness of the young king was sufficiently touched so as to adapt the play to the following parts in a new and special spirit. This is accordingly done. Parts II. and III. of "Henry VI." are very differently conceived from Part I. But here again how much is Shakespeare's and how much parts of old plays worked over; the critics have found it hard to agree, and every one assumes the right of an opinion. No poet, at least, approaches Shakespeare in his humor and clownish parts, as well as in the distinction of his poetic passages. The death scene of the intriguing and wicked Cardinal Beaufort seems to reveal the latter of these qualities; and the scenes of Jack Cade's rebellion suggest the future rollicking Shakespearian spirit which culminates in the Falstaffian parts of "Henry IV." The spirit of tragedy, too, has grown more pronounced. The weak character of Henry brings its own disasters: the guilty love of Margaret and Suffolk, intimated at the close of Part I., bears as fruit its own terrible revenge; and the long reign of Henry goes out in darkness.

The second part of the preceding group is clearly the most carefully constructed of the three. In the third part the Titanic figure of the hump-backed Richard already appears, pointing to yet another consummation. The play of

"Richard III." is really but the fourth and concluding part of the story of the disasters begun in "Henry VI." The three parts of "Henry VI." and "Richard III." constitute a sort of tetralogy after the manner of Greek play-wrights and are brought together as parts of one concerted movement very much as Wagner joined together his four operas of the "Nibelungen Ring." The distorted figure of Richard III. becomes the fitting deformed product of the decades of fratricidal strife. He dominates every other character and his evil mind and unbounded will-power is irresistible. Even the courting scene of Lady Anne, in the presence of the body of her dead husband whom the wooer has murdered, would be unbearable did we not ourselves feel for the moment that we yield to the strange fascination of this more than humanly imperious will. The destructive Wars of the Roses will end, Richard will perish at Bosworthfield, but he remains true to his conception to the last. There is a certain admiration we must feel for him as he determinedly brushes away from his vision all the illusory cobwebs of his wretched dreams and the ghostly apparitions of the night, is prepared to stake his kingdom upon a horse, and continues fighting against the odds of fate and of heaven after he has killed already five "Richmonds in the field".

In "Richard III." there is felt to be a distinct advance. The play no longer consists of scenes loosely strung together, but the parts are welded into a whole. The one dominating figure carries us safely through to the end. Through its powerful portrayal of this demon of cruelty, it is a one-man's play, and hence a favorite with a certain class of actors of the ranting tendency. This feature of the play in letting one figure in its intensity and cruelty dominate all others, is altogether after Marlowe's manner. It is Shakespeare's one "Marlowesque" play, as Mr. Dowden has said, and we see the young author was not yet emancipated from the methods set by his model. Shakespeare was still working in the manner of his contemporary, who, though of the same age, enjoying earlier advantages, had,

up to that time, achieved greater distinction. Mr. Lowell refused to believe that the play of "Richard III." is Shakespeare's on the ground that Shakespeare never wrote deliberate nonsense, and there is undoubtedly much of that in the play. But even if this be admitted, it is a standard applicable solely to later work. It seems much more reasonable to accept the explanation already given of the tutorship and apprenticeship of the poet's waking powers. Nothing is more apparent than the wide gulf which separates these early attempts of history and tragedy from the later sense of Shakespearian mastery. In this process of reasoning and investigation, the normality of the laws underlying and revealing the unfolding of the poet's genius become all the more apparent. What is at first a stumbling block can be made a means for the better measurement of standards and for the establishment of truer comparisons.

If "Titus Andronicus" was the crude beginning or working over of the conventional tragic form, and the three parts of "Henry VI." and "Richard III." constitute a great historic tetralogy, what was Shakespeare meanwhile doing in the lighter and the more playful and graceful vein of comedy and of song? As Marlowe was his master and model in the former species, so in this sort the influence of Lyly is perceptible, and perhaps that of Lodge and Greene.

It is in comedy, best of all, in this early period, that Shakespeare's peculiar genius blossoms. Of all the other great poets of English literature, Chaucer alone approaches Shakespeare in possessing the broad sense of humor, that faculty of seeing things through the medium of genial good-natured fun and of playful and even mocking sport. In the spirit of comedy, even at the beginning, Shakespeare was indebted to no teacher other than his own intuitive gifts; it is only in the form that we see him following at first a certain fashion. The wit of early youth is apt to consist of the play on words, of puns and smart sayings and verbal antitheses, and to lie in the situation rather than in the character and the essential humorous atmosphere of the plot and piece.

It is instructive to apply these considerations to Shakespeare. "Love's Labour's Lost" is commonly admitted to be his earliest attempt in the plays which for their non-tragic ending (to state it negatively) are termed comedies. It is at once the best example of the Euphuistic style of Lyly's fashion adopted in court circles, even while it gently ridicules the excesses of that style in the highly wrought fantastical speech of Don Adriano the Spaniard, Holofernes the pedant, and Sir Nathaniel the curate. We have the two types of characters opposed in groups: the intentionally broadly comic and the more dignified and graceful and romantic. Among the latter — there is the king and the three gentlemen attendants, and over against these is the princess with her three maids in waiting. Of the figures in these groups Rosaline and Berowne are decidedly the most clever in their verbal retorts and answers, and later when the poet's genius was richer, he reproduced them in deeper lines in Beatrice and Benedick in "Much Ado About Nothing."

But as yet we have merely types, and there is not the genius which can get beyond the type and produce the distinct individual figure. No plot has been discovered for the source of Shakespeare's clever attempt, but it is such as would suggest itself with approval to a young man's fancy. There is a conventional ideal of life attempted by the king and his co-mates, and the falsity of the convention is soon discovered when brought face to face with the truth of nature and of their own hearts. There is, besides, in this play a feeling for the open air, calling up reminiscences of green fields and country lanes, and the spirit of sweet lyric song, perhaps caught from Lodge and Greene, breathes back its "daisies pied and violets blue." Later in the poet's career, where his characters begin to live as persons and no longer move in groups and serve as types, we are not forced as here to any probable or improbable interpretation of the poet's purpose.

"The Comedy of Errors" is just as bright in a very different way, though purely tentative in the history of the

poet's art. It follows a very common fashion at the time of imitating foreign models: Seneca for ranting tragedy and Plautus and Terence for comedy. In the "Comedy of Errors" it is a play of Plautus which is taken as the source of the plot. It is the story of twin brothers so much alike that they are constantly mistaken one for the other. But Shakespeare goes further and by a simple device increases the improbability and confusion. He gives as servants to the two brothers the two Dromios, who are likewise twins and who are confused as to their respective masters as these confuse them. With two pairs each constantly mistaking the other and being mistaken, the relations soon become so inextricable and laughable that the mind is fairly bewildered. No true character is portrayed as yet, though we have the beginnings in the more sombre tones of Aegeon and the abbess. All the fun and jest of this play lies solely in the comicalities of the situation, just as in the popular play given so frequently in our theatres a year or two ago, "Charley's Aunt." It is an instance of comedy, relying so far on sheer situation for its support, as to border on the farce.

It is about the same time that foreign influences and models, transformed, however, perfectly by romantic tendencies, become manifest in a slightly different direction. A story in Ovid's love tales, an author fashionable for generations in court circles and frequently adapted and translated, is used by Shakespeare for a narrative poem on "Venus and Adonis"; and immediately after the same source furnishes the subject for the story of "Lucrece."

But of all the early plays "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" best gives us a peep into Shakespeare's workshop, and lets us see the growth of his art by comparing first crude ideas with later achievements in similar lines. In this play we have numberless suggestions of plot and characterization that Shakespeare is going to use again and again with added effect. We still have the two "Gentlemen" contrasted; the two ladies, Silvia and Julia; and the two clowns. The characters still move in pairs and groups. We

are dealing still with types and not with persons. But the evolution is getting a genuine start. In the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" we have the woman assume male attire, a feature that was to be used with charming effect in the "Merchant of Venice," "As You Like It," "Twelfth Night," and "Cymbeline." Thus disguised she acts as page to her lover and carries his messages to her rival, a situation repeated in the "Twelfth Night." Julia is the first of Shakespeare's maidens who pursue the man of their affections and avow their love. In this play we have the first genuine clowns (of which there may be found a faint suspicion even in "Titus Andronicus" and "Henry VI."), and Launce with his dog is not only the father of Launcelot Gobbo, who inherits the name, in the "Merchant of Venice," but is godparent of the whole series of later jesters and fools. The friar is brought in to solve difficulties as in "Romeo and Juliet" and in "Much Ado." The lovers are named and described between mistress and maid and criticised adversely as in the "Merchant of Venice"—only with the parts of maid and mistress more naturally reversed in the later play. The rejected and persecuted lover takes the lead of a band of outlaws in the forest—a scene borrowed from the Robin Hood ballads and repeated in "As You Like It." The sudden and unnatural pairing off of lovers in the fifth act contrasts sharply with the later delightful wooings in almost every play. Most of all the plot of this play is the first of many taken from the legends and tales of Southern Europe; for Shakespeare seldom or never cared to invent the mere story;—it was enough for his art to use this as ready material, to add new figures and inspire those already existing with the breath of life. And last, the genius of the romantic spirit hovers everywhere.

But although the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" contains germs, they remain germs, and the buds have not unfolded into blossom nor does the flower give forth its rich perfume. This we first reach, standing alone of its kind, in the fourth and last play portraying the gentle human spirit of this early

comedy, "A Midsummer-Night's Dream." It is not that the poet's genius has now grown ready for deep characterization. This will not be found there. But there is the greatest charm and delight in the deft union of the varied threads into the woof of the fabric. And these threads are highly and yet differently colored. There are figures at the court of the duke, for Shakespeare has a partiality for dukes and follows Chaucer in placing one even at Athens. The crew of Bottom the weaver, Quince the carpenter, Snout the tinker, Snug the joiner, Flute the bellows-mender, and Starveling the tailor, have their genuine English folk-accent rendered even more pronounced by the incongruities of their representation of the gentle romantic lover's tale of Pyramus and Thisbe. Last, taken from the world of folklore, are the figures of Oberon and Titania, king and queen of fairy-land, having as attendants Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustardseed, and good-fellow Puck who boasts to "put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes" and upon acquaintance with the creatures of this world is forced to soliloquize, "Lord, what fools these mortals be!"

Mr. Wendell has suggested, in another work, that "A Midsummer-Night's Dream" is "a deliberate working over" of the two plots of "The Comedy of Errors" and "The Two Gentlemen of Verona." The poetic touch has become more skillful and deft, and has given us, by the playful fall of fancy's fingers, a perfect gem of its kind. When the supernatural is used again, as in Ariel and Caliban, in "The Tempest," at the close of the poet's career, it is with graver and more serious hand. While more pregnant with thought and meaning, there is lacking the freshness and vital charm and beauty of the mere fancy's play. The advance in "The Midsummer-Night's Dream" is thus really more in its poetic than in its dramatic qualities. The delightful phases of fairy-lore and of midsummer madness, when even Bottom the weaver with an ass's head on his shoulders is an object for caressing, would nowadays, as Mr. Wendell very justly observes, be thought more fit for an

opera than for representation in a play. It is the *art* of the young poet that has gained strength and consciousness in its exercise.

At the same time that we have this exuberance of poetic fancy in "A Midsummer-Night's Dream," so perfect in its nice daintiness, Shakespeare essays tragedy. This new effort is essentially a tragedy of youth,—of the young unfulfilled passionate love of "Romeo and Juliet." This is his first tragedy, apart from the history plays which stand by themselves. For "Titus Andronicus," it will be recalled, belongs to the pre-Shakespearian group certainly in spirit and many doubt whether it be by Shakespeare even in the remotest degree.

The passionate glow of "Romeo and Juliet" is too intense for this world. It cannot last. It must meet obstacles of one sort or another and turn to a tragic ending. Happy pair, perchance, that could stake their bliss thus and not have it rudely snapped by domestic infelicity, easily possible to two natures strung in so high a key. This high stringing vibrates through every note of "Romeo and Juliet"—that of a strong intense passionate young nature endowed with the imagination for the time to feel like Romeo and to live with Juliet. The poet is each of his characters in turn; for now he is getting beyond mere types and is creating character and giving the individual. The happiest are his own conception, not given, or at best faintly so, in the original. The garrulous nurse, humorously talkative in her inaccuracy and untrustworthiness, and the courtier Mercutio, endowed with pungent wit and the ripest fancy, and dying with a pun on his lips, are figures indicating growth of power in specific portraiture. We feel, too, that Romeo, from being the mere type of forlorn melancholy lover that he plays in the first act, longing for some nondescript Rosalind, is transformed before us into the passionate nature stirred to its depth at last by the knowledge of what a true love really is. And the young girl Juliet is capable of descending into the maw of Death itself by strength of the revelation of love to her budding womanhood.

With this success in the lighter comedy as seen in "A Midsummer-Night's Dream" and the success in tragedy as figured in "Romeo and Juliet" we might anticipate that from now on our poet would pass from success to success. But this is only partly true. Certain prescribed forms still lend themselves more readily to his genius. "Romeo and Juliet" was a tragedy of youth and unfulfilled love, but for the greater tragedy of life and of the human soul, even a Shakespeare needed yet other training and a severer schooling in life's experience. Some years elapse before this interest leads him again upon the paths of tragedy. Instead he returns to the history play. But the history play is consciously conventional in spirit and archaic in form, and while doing better work than before in this kind, the poet does not yet attain the same brilliant success of his best contemporary comedy and tragedy. His expression in the latter two forms has clearly outgrown that in the former.

Having treated in the three parts of "Henry VI." and in "Richard III." the civil strife in the Wars of the Roses which culminated in the engendering of the wretched disfigured Richard and his downfall at Bosworthfield, a return is made to an earlier period of history. A second tetralogy ("Richard II." I. and II. "Henry IV." and "Henry V.") is added to the former group of four plays (I., II. and III. "Henry VI." and "Richard III."). The cause of all the trouble between Lancaster and York is sought in the wrongful deposition of Richard II. and the usurpation of the throne (even though by act of Parliament) on the part of Henry Bolingbroke, crowned Henry IV. Richard is unworthy of the rule of men in that he knows not how to rule himself. He is the poet and the philosopher and the dreamer, when his position demands that he shall be the sovereign and the warrior and the man of action. This inherent weakness brings about his downfall; Richard is deposed; and the star of Bolingbroke triumphs. Marlowe had depicted the evil reign of the other of England's kings who had been not unlike Richard in his fate, Edward II.;

and thus in the history play we still find Shakespeare acknowledging Marlowe as his guide, if not his master.

The miserable reign of one king suggests that of another, and the play of "King John" is to be connected with "Richard II." But that which interests us to-day so greatly, Magna Charta and the struggle for liberty, finds no place in the play. And this is not strange. Shakespeare was not writing a philosophic historical treatise to please our modern nineteenth century historians; he was writing a play to be acted and to please the public. Therefore, it is the romantic traditions of the reign, and the reputed murder of the boy Arthur, and Constance's grief for her son, and the pity of Hubert, and the humanity of the Bastard Faulconbridge that of a right seize and hold the poet's pen and power.

But the historic play is by this time confessedly felt to be old-fashioned in its principles. The more genial spirit of comedy is again invoked. But the comedy is now strengthened and intensified by tragic elements so as to bring out intensity in character; yet these tragic elements are in the end turned aside so that all the apparently deserving are happy. "The Merchant of Venice" is now produced. This play must be compared most closely with "A Midsummer-Night's Dream." Just as there three different strata were united, so here two entirely different stories, the pound of flesh story and the casket story (not to speak of minor motives, as the spiriting away of the Jew's daughter, and the moonlight operatic serenade at the close) are intertwined and made to serve as the basis of a new movement. The plot is old, but the figures are made new and real and vital. Shylock is a Jew demanding a Christian's life; but Shakespeare has transformed him from the monster into the human creature with the same humanity as ourselves:

"Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not

die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villainy you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction."

Small wonder there has arisen a coterie who believe that Shylock was badly treated and proceed to write a plea on his behalf. It is the highest tribute to the growth in the poet's art. He has taken a conventional figure away from the category of the traditional inhuman monster as seen in Marlowe's "Jew of Malta" and Shakespeare's Jew has become a *man*—suffering, and because he has suffered, wishing, too, to inflict suffering. At last Shakespeare can be brought into comparison in tragic elements with his original inspirer, Marlowe, and be declared emancipated. The instincts of his own genius are bearing him aloft. The figures of the clowns reappear in strengthened lines. We have had women before, but their figures have been hazy. The women in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" and in "A Midsummer-Night's Dream" were persons merely and left no definite impression. Even the passion and experience of the unfortunate Juliet was restricted to a single phase of life. But Portia has true womanliness ringing in every word and act, and heads the list of splendid portraitures of the glorious women in Shakespeare's gallery. Whether there ever was such a perfect woman as Portia actually in existence, is beside the question. She is a noble ideal of the poet's brain and heart in an age not altogether given to idealizing woman. Here we have portrayed at last, in a later poet's words:

"A perfect woman nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command."

But there is a bit of English history to tell still left incomplete. The downfall of Richard II. brought with it the success of Bolingbroke, who became Henry IV. Richard was unworthy and he fell—poetic justice teaches. But Henry conspired against his lawful king and sovereign, and the same poetic justice decrees that his days shall be full of

trouble and his reign's end clouded. He dies not in the Holy Land on a Crusade as he had vowed in order to appease the wrath of Heaven, but in Jerusalem chamber at Westminster under the conviction and fear that his son for whom he had wrested an unlawful crown was unworthy. This is the tragedy of the history of "Henry IV." But even in this history play the genius of the poet was more concerned with the realities of the present than with the tragedy of the past. "Henry IV." lives for us not so much because of its history as by reason of the fiction in the play. It is the unparalleled creation of Falstaff among the scenes in Eastcheap at the Boar's-Head tavern with his rollicking companions prominent among whom is Prince Hal the heir apparent, that we think of when we name "Henry IV." So far has the muse of comedy overshadowed that of history. Here is drastic realism enough! Falstaff is thoroughly a creature of the senses, but with an irresistibility of audacity. In every encounter as to honor and truth who can gainsay him? We throw down all moral standards at the approach of this ton of sack only to laugh immoderately at him and with him. Who but Falstaff may be a coward upon "instinct" and conclude by force of syllogism that "honor" is but "air" and "a mere scutcheon" and moralize upon all others: "Lord, Lord, how this world is giving to lying!"

There are two parts of "Henry IV.", but they are not enough for Falstaff and Prince Hal. We are promised that we shall have both again. With the heroic presentation of "Henry V.", the history plays, already antiquated and archaic in form for Shakespeare's strengthening genius, come to a definite end. This is Shakespeare's only panegyric, and he was but following the usual trend of English thought in glorifying the hero of the Battle of Agincourt. His fellow-countryman, Drayton, had sung lustily of Henry. But may there not too have been something personal in Shakespeare's attitude? Prince Hal had spent a wild and careless youth, but, Shakespeare intimates, he was always sure of himself and knew that this phase of his life was only tem-

porary and that the time would come when with growth and with increased responsibilities the world would finally learn what sort of man he really was. Was there any intimation that once the youth Shakespeare had been rather a harem-scarem lad in Stratford; that he had hastened under circumstances possibly not altogether to his credit into an early marriage; that he had been brought before the magistrate for poaching on the hunting preserves of this choleric gentleman, upon whom he perhaps obtained his revenge in using him as prototype for Justice Shallow in "Henry IV." and the "Merry Wives"; that he had left his native town very possibly under a cloud, but conscious, in some measure, of his high destiny? The reward had surely come with the achievement! We shall not be too sure. At any rate it is in "Henry V." alone of all the plays that the man Shakespeare seems to enter personally and to speak with an individual enthusiasm.

Herewith ended all the work in history — with the exception of the fragment of "Henry VIII." attributed to Shakespeare near the close of his career. One thing is clear, the poet's art had outgrown the restrictions of the history play. The spirit and genius of comedy which had possessed him while working upon "Henry IV." carries him on for a while longer. No pure tragedy has been attempted since the completion of "Romeo and Juliet," and no one at all dealing with the profounder problems of life in its fateful relations.

Falstaff, however, had been promised to us as well as the Prince. Yet Shakespeare knew that it was impossible to make an ideal figure of Henry V. and retain the old sinner as his boon companion. He is banished from the court at the close of "Henry IV.", and very early in "Henry V." we hear of Falstaff's death. "His nose was as sharp as a pen and a' babbled of green fields" and "a' made a finer end and went away as it had been any Christom child," reports the hostess of the tavern with almost tenderness and a touch of genuine pathos. But there was another reason for drop-

ping Falstaff. Falstaff had for the second time been the hero of a special play. The original creation is said to have pleased the Queen and her Court so much that the request was made that the author represent Falstaff in love. Whatever the tradition be worth, the result was "The Merry Wives of Windsor." The play is said to have been put together in two weeks. It bears every mark of crudity and haste. It is not in blank verse, but written almost altogether in prose form throughout. The scene is nominally laid at Windsor, the seat of the Queen, but the whole situation is essentially continental and southern, as if adapted to foreign manners to suit the merriment of a court circle. Falstaff's genius has clearly deserted him, and he is no longer the same creature. His fatuity is pitiful and he suffers disastrously and deservedly for being so egregious an old fool. The second part of "Henry IV." is hardly the equal of the first part in the Falstaffian vitality, but the "Merry Wives" is distinctly unprofitable compared with the earlier work. It is but another striking illustration of poorer later endings to former good things, and shows that works, made to order at command of the Sovereign who sits on the throne and not at the order of the Muse who rules the heart and soul of poesy and directs the reins of the imagination, are often in vain. We may be sure that Shakespeare was not genuinely interested in this work. It is his left hand achievement, as it were, while his right hand is otherwise and better engaged.

Even so little does another play at this period, "The Taming of the Shrew," show Shakespeare at his best. It belongs to the boisterous conception of the Falstaffian period and is probably an absolute contemporary of "Henry IV." But while rich blood is put into the veins of "Henry IV.", only the cloaking over was done on the skeleton of the "Shrew." The play is based upon a yet older play with a very similar title, "The Taming of A Shrew," and as we have it, the play is only in part, in every probability, Shakespeare's work. The intrigue of Bianca and her

suitors is the part ascribed to the other worker. The part believed to be Shakespeare's is the noisiness and high spirits of the Katherine and Petruchio episodes. But "The Taming of the Shrew" is not so gross when Shakespeare leaves it as it at first seems. Shakespeare inspires new life into everything that he touches. Katherine is not a mere shrewish vixen; she is a woman who knows her superiority in character to her universally more admired sister, and she has a real woman's heart if the right man can come to discern it and to bring out the womanly parts. This is probably the seeming miracle that Petruchio performs amid all his bluster. The true man and the true woman, each has met its mate; both are at last matched; and the woman is quick to recognize this truth and is all the more womanly and true in her yielding. As for Christopher Sly in the Arabian Nights transformation of the Induction he remains, even in a lord's house, "Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton Heath," not so far away from Shakespeare's Warwickshire home, and upon waking calls, "For God's sake, a pot of small ale". Nothing else will content his poor mangy soul. Shakespeare's realistic sense had come in contact with the Slys in frequenting other taverns than the Boar's-Head in Eastcheap in Falstaff's company.

But if these two plays were lightly thrown off at busied intervals, because the poet was more deeply engaged upon other matters, there follow three comedies upon the close of the history series which received his full attention and indicate the highest achievement in Shakespearian romantic color and grace and charm. These three plays are "Much Ado About Nothing," "As You Like It," and "Twelfth Night". They constitute the height of the sympathy and tenderness of the creations in the bright romantic spirit, as they close abruptly the series of joyous comedy.

"Much Ado" is akin in some respects to the "Taming of the Shrew," as the noisiest and most boisterous of the three. Like it, moreover, it consists of a union of comedy of intrigue and one of character. There is much of witty

dialogue and humorous situation. The intrigue of the Hero and Claudio part suggests in certain features the future "Winter's Tale," and this part of the plot is borrowed in its origins. The passages where Beatrice and Benedick flout at one another, like the gifted pair already described in "Love's Labour's Lost," are the genuinely Shakespearian parts, and this pair find one another in the end with more reason than Katherine and Petruchio in "The Taming of the Shrew." Benedick marks Beatrice and she chooses him as the object of attention from the start. They are clearly the best and brightest of the whole company and are accordingly best fitted for each other's aim. The climax is simply the mating of the best of their kind, the union as well as the survival of the fittest. And the blundering officials, Dogberry and Verges, are princes of all official stupidity, proud of their small place and even more fearful for their still smaller dignity.

The atmosphere in "As You Like It" is entirely different. Everything is out in the open air, as in the merry days of good Robin Hood and Friar Tuck. The Forest of Arden can harbor such figures as Rosalind and Orlando. Touchstone, the most sentimental of clowns, Jaques, the most melancholy of men, and the Duke who moralizes:

"Sweet are the uses of Adversity
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

"Twelfth Night" recalls once again the confusions of the "Comedy of Errors" and of "A Midsummer-Night's Dream." On Twelfth Night, just as on Midsummer Night, such disguises and confusions are most likely. Do not gates drop from gate posts and walk away on those evenings, and are not the spirits abroad? In both these plays, "As You Like It" and "Twelfth Night," there persists a romantic setting of dainty melancholy. The charming lyrics and the quaint moralizings and bright jestings merely intensify this spirit.

"Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid."

The pure charm of poetry and the mastery of setting are perfect in their assumptions and proportions. The poetic artist is working consciously and he arrives at what he intended, and produces surely and unmistakably his effects. He has abandoned the drastic portrayal of Eastcheap low life of the Falstaffian scenes and has passed beyond into the borders of romantic spirit land. But it is a land of poetry and of music, as well of romance, and our ears linger to catch the sweet refrains.

Thus the crowning point of Shakespeare's genius in comedy was reached at the turning of the century, about 1600. Did he himself suspect at this time the new provinces that were still lying prepared for him to enter? With the exception of one play, "Romeo and Juliet," all his work had hitherto been in history and comedy. What deep experience in his life now turned all his instincts to tragic thought, where he was to find the crowning expression of his life and art?

Here we are brought face to face, in our speculations, with the mystery of the "Sonnets." We do not know the secret history of Shakespeare's life, nor is it necessary for a prurient curiosity to know. But we can guess from the "Sonnets" — which were appearing at any time in the four or five years before 1600 and in the five or six years after 1600 — if they are to be taken at all in their natural sense, that Shakespeare had two friends, the one "fair," a man, and the other "coloured ill," a woman, and his relations with these and through these taxed the endurance of his higher and spiritual forces to the utmost. He drank the cup of bitterness and almost of shame to the dregs, and yet maintained somehow his manhood and struggled through to reconciliation and to light. Whether this friend, supposed to be the "Mr. W. H." of the dedication, was William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, the son of Sidney's sister Countess,

and whether the dark lady was Mrs. Mary Fitton, a lady in waiting upon the Queen who afterwards became disgraced and lost her place at Court—we may not tell. But certain it seems that in these Sonnets are revealed the sufferings and living experiences of the man who was feeling all the tragicness sustained by the characters in the six great plays, so quickly following one upon the other in the coming years, as tragedy had never before been attempted: "Julius Cæsar," "Hamlet," "Othello," "King Lear," "Macbeth," and "Antony and Cleopatra."

All the plays before 1600 might have been written by one without any such spiritual history as the "Sonnets" reveal. The plays written after 1600 could have been produced only by a man with this deep and true and unerring sounding of the depths of human knowledge and experience. The strange thing is, apparently, that the poet cannot longer write comedy at all. "All's Well that Ends Well" is comedy in title, but in reading seems a hollow mockery. "Measure for Measure" is saved from a tragic ending by the presiding genius of the disguised duke as befits an "Arabian Nights" story; but the utter pathos of the situation and the noble sustained character of poor betrayed Isabella, coupled with the absolute unnaturalness of her natural protector, a brother, gives the impression of the keenest pain. Logically, the play ought to have been made a tragedy, we feel. A few years later, perhaps, in one more attempt, "Troilus and Cressida," not only are the Homeric heroes, belittled and rendered pitiful, but the poor green goose, Troilus, seems hardly worthy of a better fate than infatuation with the fickle and false Greek maiden.

What a change has come over the spirit of the poet's dreams since the august fooling of Touchstone and the dainty melancholy of Rosalind and her companions in the Forest of Arden, and since the happy confusion and frolics of the "Twelfth Night" revels! The soul of the poet has grown grim and dark and serious and earnest, and overcast with the gloomy pall of awe. The first two of the six

named tragedies, "Julius Cæsar" and "Hamlet," display a reflectiye, dreamy, poetic, high-minded nature, seeking in vain to find its right place in the constitution of things, and through its very nobility and moral strength sinking back hurt and wronged and wrecked and ruined. That the good and the true may become dedicated to utter destruction with no apparent fault of its own; that the origin of evil and of sin in the world is mysterious and inexplicable and awful in its fateful consequence, this is the great truth enunciated by the greatest of the Shakespearian tragedies as it was by the Greek drama of Æschylus and Sophocles, where the law and will of man seem overruled and overawed by the will of the gods, and that of the gods even subject to a mysterious and inscrutable Fate.

In "Julius Cæsar," Brutus seeks to act solely for the good of his country and is open only to calls of honor, yet becomes overwhelmed in the meshes of the snarers' net, and his noble help-mate, Portia, devotes her blessed head to self-destruction. The tragedy of the play is not the downfall of Cæsar as the name might imply, but the desolation, caused thereby, of the very men and the seeming principles of right and truth Cæsar's fall was intended to protect. Brutus too late sees clear:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune:
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

In "Hamlet," the soul of the young prince, reflective rather than active, steeped in intellect but lacking in will to execute, must realize in the untimely death of his father the frailty and inconstancy of woman, and that woman of all — his mother. And poor Ophelia, innocent of this knowledge, becomes crazed that her lover finds it no longer time to dawdle now.

"O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!

How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely."

The man of arms, Othello, is played on by the treachery of his trusted friend, the arch fiend, "Honest Iago," in a trick that the brooding Hamlet might have seen into in an instant, and pure innocent Desdemona's candle is smothered out. "It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul!" Othello's own words tell the rest:

"Speak of me as I am—
Of one that loved not wisely but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme."

King Lear makes the mistake of casting off the one daughter who can love her father and is thrust forth himself into the howling blasting storm by the pelicans to whom he gave up crown and all. In a little lifting of the cloud he recognizes at last the faithfulness of Cordelia, but only to know her dead in his arms, hanged, and his own heart breaking in two.

"Howl, howl, howl, howl! O, you are men of stones:
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack. She's gone forever."

Macbeth's ambition, which acts upon, and is reacted upon in turn by his own restless dreams and those of his wife, causes the murder of his sovereign and kinsman, who should have been protected by his own hospitality and loyalty, while asleep in his house, and henceforth the damned spot will not out!

Antony and Cleopatra, at the height of the dominion of power and beauty, give up kingdom and action and duty for the embrace of love, and the Battle of Actium decides a new turn of Fortune's wheel in the world's history.

The self-pride of Coriolanus yields to the entreaties of a mother; but these can prevail only at the price of the son.

Finally, in "Timon of Athens" the world of bitterness

and scorn and the darkness of oblivion settles down in impenetrable gloom of misanthropy, disgust at life, and hatred of the race itself.

In this the time when sonnet LXVI. indicated the prevailing temper of mind?

"Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly doctor-like, controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill."

The gloom is almost but not quite impenetrable. As suddenly as the cloud came it lifted, just as in the later sonnets there is reconciliation and forgiveness and self-forgetfulness:

"Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken."

Thus the storm ceases and the lurid sky becomes lighted up. There follows a spirit of self-abnegation, and instead of suffering and pain and disaster there is emphasized joy after trouble, happiness after trial, and reunion after separation. Does this phase again mark a new chapter in the poet's spiritual history? At least the conclusions are based upon profound psychological reasons.

There are but five remaining plays, and all reveal the closest kinship in this new spirit. The Shakespearian part of "Pericles," discarding the older setting of a disagreeable story, is the final happiness and restoration to father and family of tempest-born and tempest-tossed Marina. In

"Cymbeline" the pure figure of suffering Imogen, after shameful persecution and casting forth, is declared triumphantly innocent amid the recovery of her long lost brothers. In "The Winter's Tale," Perdita, the lost one and cast-away, comes back to a court to greet a sorrowing father and to affirm the vindication of a cruelly wronged mother long believed to be dead. In "The Tempest," the storm and shipwreck is the means whereby two long estranged brothers are reunited: "Admired Miranda," through her union with Ferdinand, helps promote the bond of reconciliation; Ariel and Caliban, the beings of spiritual light and carnal grossness, return to the elements that gave them; and the magic island, a nowhere, a Utopian dream, becomes dissolved as mere fancy's figment. Last, the Shakespearian portion of "Henry VIII." — for nearly all agree that it is a composite play — displays the master's touch and the spirit of this period in the tender portrayal of the sufferings of the unhappy and beautiful Katherine of Aragon, who dies loving her lord and forgiving her enemies. As Shakespeare himself at the beginning of his career, had worked in others' footsteps and had acknowledged Marlowe as his model, so the master spirit finds an apt pupil in the brightest and most poetically gifted of his immediate successors, John Fletcher. It is to his hand that the draught of "Henry VIII." begun was probably entrusted for completion. Marina, Perdita, Miranda,—the sea-born, the lost, the lovely—all Latin names indicating their origin and classification in the same spirit, together with Imogen, are heroines imaginatively akin in these last plays. These plays are genuine romances, written as ideal fairy tales for the delight and pleasure of the children of the poet's old age.

One final word! If we may regard "Love's Labour's Lost", a young man's fancy, as the earliest of the romantic plays in which Shakespeare's originality and independence gave any evidence, it would be interesting to place "The Tempest", certainly one of the latest, as the culmination in thought of a busy and active career. If "The Tempest"

may be thus regarded as the last, it connects, in its episode of the wreck off "the still-vexed Bermoothes," the new world of America, governed in fancy by some happy Prospero having under control the powers beneficent and malevolent,—the Ariels and the Calibans of our spiritual nature—and making of this land the happy ideal State. Plato gave such a conception to the world; Sir Thomas More gave one; Bacon and others gave theirs; and here, gentle fancy's child, Shakespeare, gives a suggestion of his.

Let it be ominous of completed work! Like Milton's "Comus," it may have been written to grace some festal occasion. The poet magician has held his wand over these many creations of his brain and art; and he takes leave in this most thoughtful and gravely poetical of plays, which by some peculiar circumstance became the first in order in the folio and remains so in other editions. There let it stand, in sharp conjunction with "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," as an admirable preface—usually the last thing in a book to be written—and as an exposition of the poet's growth and evolution in artistic form, in power of thought, and in strength of characterization.

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BOOK NOTICES.

*A Ramble at Sewanee*¹ is in the first place a triumph of good taste in the art of book-making. Nothing could be more dainty, handy or attractive. Quite apart from the letter press, as "Sewanee Illustrated," it is an invaluable memento to the many who have learned to love, as only Sewanee is loved, the natural, domestic and architectural beauties of the place. The pictures thickly interspersed among its pages are admirably selected and are all the very finest specimens of photographic art.

But far beyond the material charms of this volume is the spirit or motive which has not only given it birth but lavished upon it every outward expression of the deep interest and feeling that inwardly pervade it. No one has of late come into personal contact with Dr. Hoffman who does not feel that he has quietly and unobtrusively but devotedly and steadfastly consecrated his mind and life and a generous proportion of his means to the great cause of Church education. He has originated, we may say created, the very important movement which has taken shape in the "Association for Promoting the Interests of Church Schools, Colleges, and Seminaries," the plan of which is eminently practical and wise, and its outcome for good impossible to overestimate. It is as one of very many expressions of a heart thus enlisted in a great and holy cause, that this book will be most appreciated and valued. Dr. Hoffman's sympathy and counsel and help have been felt in all our Church institutions. It was that which drew him spontaneously to Sewanee and which made his visit one of such deep interest and inspiration to himself and so to others; it was that which breathes in the words and is visible in the loving and lavish adornment of this little memento, and it is that which lingers in the memory and in the love and gratitude of Sewanee towards Dr. Hoffman.

¹*A Ramble at Sewanee; the Seat of the University of the South; Baccalaureate Sermon.* By Reverend Charles F. Hoffman, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L. New York: E. and J. B. Young & Co. 1896.

Professor Brander Matthews's new volume of essays, *Aspects of Fiction and Other Ventures in Criticism*, (Harpers) is marked by the same admirable qualities that we have formerly pointed out in these pages. There is no more lucid and suggestive critic writing in America to-day than Mr. Matthews, and we cannot have too many collections of his essays. The most valuable papers in the present volume are, in our opinion, those on "American Literature," on "Pleasing the Taste of the Public," and on "The Penalty of Humor," but every essay will be found to repay perusal. We cannot forbear calling attention to the handsome *format* of the volume which must be a source of delight to such a book-lover as Mr. Matthews, and reflects very great credit upon the taste of the publishers.

* * *

The completed seventy-eighth volume of the *Atlantic Monthly* demands a notice. It is a genuine pleasure to see how this admirable magazine has been steadily gaining ground of late, how it still continues, as in the past, to stand for all that is best in American letters, and yet at the same time equals any other publication in the country in keeping abreast with all current problems. New life seems to have been infused into it and we wish it all prosperity and many rivals, for such rivals will keep it ever striving for improvement, and will indicate the healthiest sort of spirit in American literary life.

* * *

The Macmillan Company have made a handsome volume of Dr. Henry Van Dyke's *The Gospel for an Age of Doubt*, which is the final form of his Yale lectures on Preaching for 1896. Fully a fourth of the book consists of an appendix of varied quotations intended to illustrate the text, and the text itself is interspersed by practical and other citations showing Dr. Van Dyke's wide acquaintance with literature, and making his volume very easy reading — perhaps too easy considering its transcendent subject.